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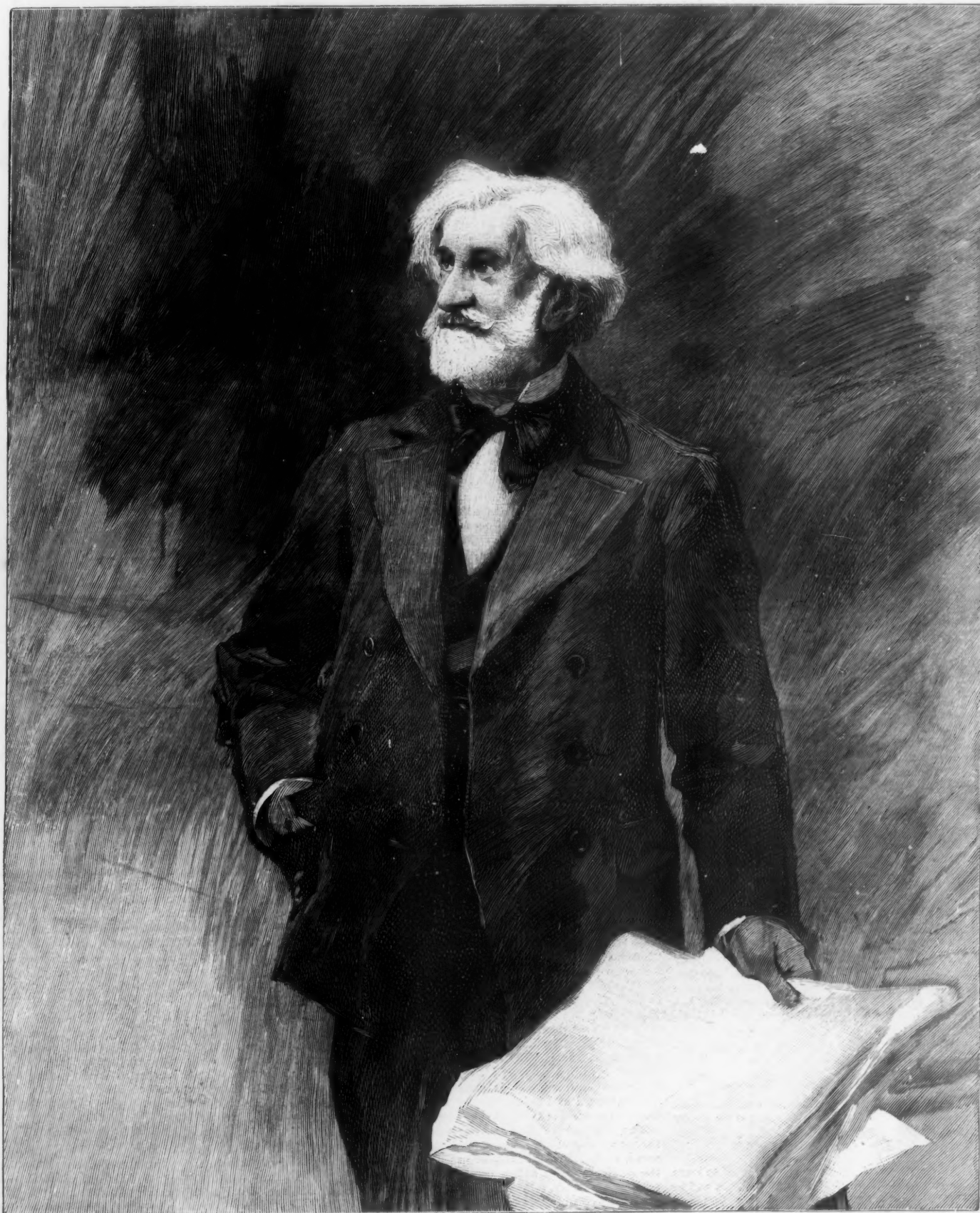
ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Vol. XIII.—No. 4.
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NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1894.

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GIUSEPPE VERDI, THE GREAT ITALIAN COMPOSER.—[See page 11.]

ONCE A WEEK

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PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 524 West 13th Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1894.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

FREQUENTLY letters come to this office containing this question: "How Can You Afford It?"

They all refer to the same subject; namely, the fact that the proprietor of ONCE A WEEK gives, for six dollars and fifty cents, for a whole year, one copy, each week, of the finest illustrated paper published, twenty-six novels, and a splendid Premium, comprising the complete works of one of the masters of English literature.

HERE is one of the latest letters received, which will serve as a good specimen of its kind:

NEWARK, N. J., April 28, 1894.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

How can you afford to give so much for so little? While over in New York to-day, I picked up one of your papers at an elevated station, and read it quite through with extraordinary interest. Then I noticed your terms, and was struck by the unexampled liberality of your offer. I enclose you the amount of subscription for one year, and you may be sure it will be repeated. Will you excuse me if I ask how can you afford it? Where do you get your profit? It seems to me that your paper alone is worth more than the subscription price, and yet you give also a splendid Premium and twenty-six novels a year! I don't suppose you go in for pure benevolence, and yet I can't see where the profit works in.

Yours, F. L. HARLAN.

No, Mr. Harlan, ONCE A WEEK is not published in a spirit of pure benevolence. It is published to make money, but to make it while giving the greatest possible value to subscribers. What seems so extraordinary to Mr. Harlan is simple enough. The circulation is so large that satisfactory profits remain after all expenses are paid. Still there is a satisfaction in always feeling that sound business is, in the case of ONCE A WEEK and its Library, allied with the dissemination of sound, as well as intensely interesting, literature. It is a fact that, from no other publishing house can the same advantages be obtained as those afforded by ONCE A WEEK and its superb fortnightly novels. Indeed, it may be stated without boasting that ONCE A WEEK has the field to itself. No other publishing house possesses the facilities for circulation possessed by the proprietor of ONCE A WEEK, commanding, as he does, an immense army of agents and sub-agents scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, in every part of the United States and the British Provinces.

QUALITY, too, tells in the long run. Read this pithy little letter from a subscriber:

1118 CARPENTER ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

DEAR SIR—"Chords and Discords," by Ossip Schubin, is a masterpiece. The author is, in my opinion, a bright star in the literary firmament. Give us more of Schubin.

Yours truly, W. R. HOOVER.

WELL, readers of ONCE A WEEK will be glad to learn that more from the pen of the gifted Schubin will be published in our Library series, but not just yet. Variety is the spice of life, and the rights of other authors are to be considered in the selection of works

of fiction. On page 13, to which the reader is referred for full particulars, the announcement is made that the great modern master of imaginative writing, Rider Haggard, has joined the corps of steady contributors to this Library. His superb picture of African life, entitled, "Nada, the Lily," will be issued with No. 8 of this volume. This is, perhaps, one of his most original and exciting stories, introducing the reader to the wolf tribe as allies of a great African warrior in his bloody career of conquest over neighboring nations.

LATER on, Haggard's "People of the Mist" will be given, complete, and for the first time, even in England. Then—bear this fact in mind, all you subscribers—every succeeding novel by Rider Haggard will be published exclusively, and for the first time, in ONCE A WEEK'S Library. This is a great announcement to be able to make, and, were it to stand alone, ought to suffice to bring thousands of new readers to this paper. But, in fact, Haggard and Parker and Schubin are only three of the stars in the galaxy of literary lights with whom contracts are in course of preparation. All the best and newest works of all the best novelists of Europe and America are to be secured for ONCE A WEEK.

ENGLAND is about to raise an original memorial to her late Poet-Laureate, in the form of the Tennyson Beacon. It will consist of a granite monolith in the form of an Iona cross. It is proposed to erect it on the highest crest of the down overlooking the western end of the Isle of Wight, "close to the ridge of the noble down" commemorated in the verse of the late bard. The monument would be visible for miles around, from land and sea, and would serve the double purpose of a useful beacon, and a fitting memorial of the poet who loved the spot selected for the site of its erection.

It is announced that the Princess Clementine, third daughter of the King of the Belgians, has the intention of retiring to a convent. Her decision does not surprise her intimate friends, who have known that such has been her wish ever since the death of her cousin, Prince Baldwin, to whom she was privately betrothed. Princess Clementine is in her twenty-third year, is a handsome and talented girl, the youngest and also the favorite daughter of the king. Her royal father has done his utmost to dissuade her from her purpose of giving up the world, but finding her decision immovable, has finally given his consent to the step, which will therefore shortly be consummated.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER'S French treaty, or the "little French treaty," as the Finance Minister—who naturally looks at it *de haut en bas*—described it recently in the House, has, in the light of recent developments, become so mixed up with the question of the proposed subsidy for a line of direct steamship communication between France and Canada, that the one without the other would seem to be practically valueless. The case stands like this: According to the terms of the treaty, certain specified articles of Canadian manufacture are admitted free to France, provided they are shipped direct from Canada. Now, the existing arrangements make it impossible to ship exports to France except by way of England, where transshipment is effected. But the French tariff imposes on all goods imported through another country than the country of growth an additional tax, called "Surtaxes d'Entrepôt." An effort was made to have this tax removed, but it was unsuccessful. The result is that Canada will derive little benefit from the treaty without an expenditure of £100,000 or £150,000 to subsidize a direct line of steamships between her ports and those of France. There seems to be no question of France sharing the expense, though, as the treaty stands, she would really enjoy the lion's share of its advantages. The whole affair seems to be a muddle, and interested parties are keenly anxious to hear the argument of the Government in favor of the ratification of a treaty of such dubious value to the country.

KING SHAKESPEARE'S empire is still growing. Japan is the latest country to yield to his kindly sway. A prominent Japanese journalist is busy re-modeling the plays for their first introduction to the Japanese stage. "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice" will be the first ones produced. The adapter of "Hamlet" states that the plot is identical with an episode in the history of old Japan.

WOMEN have done many things well, but it was reserved for a young Englishwoman of our day to write a successful opera. The fortunate composer is Lady Mildred Jessup, a younger daughter of Lord and Lady Strathmore. Her opera is entitled "Ethelinda." It was produced at Florence a few weeks ago, and the better to gauge the true opinion of the public and the critics, the name of the composer was kept secret. On the second night, after the success of the opera was assured, Lady Mildred, in response to repeated calls from the audience, came before the curtain and bowed her acknowledgments. Princess Beatrice was present on the occasion, and expressed herself highly pleased with the opera. The libretto was written by the husband of Lady Mildred, Mr. A. E. Jessup.

"A BONE-LENDING LIBRARY" is the latest thing in "bulls." The author of the gruesomely suggestive phrase is the Honorary Secretary of an Irish Medical Students' Association. He means it to stand for an institution which would be conducted on the plan of a library, substituting bones for books. Horrible scheme! eminently useful, no doubt, to the young medics, but most uncomfortable to think of. If the idea should take shape, however, it is to be hoped a more felicitous name will be found for the institution than "bone-lending library." Why not bonary, or ossary?

SKIRT-DANCING is waning in fashionable popularity. The most advanced thing now in feminine accomplishments is fencing. Classes are being eagerly formed, and leading actresses and society women vie among their separate circles in exhibiting their skill in the harmless, but exciting tournament. All their talk is of masks and foils, of thrusting and parrying, of great cuts and high octaves, and all the rest of the lingo. The exercise is said to be healthful and exhilarating, expanding the chest and bringing about a marked improvement in the figure, walk and general appearance.

REFERRING to the Coxeyites and the other Industrials, a calm survey of the situation will show that things are not as bad as they seem. Let us survey it. Congress has refused, in advance, to listen to the Industrial Army. The Industrials are very numerous, and will be more numerous now that they have reached Washington. But they are an army of peace. They are men out of work, and men who have left their work to join the Army. They are not as influential, of course, as a committee of merchants and manufacturers would be. They are not wearing good clothes; but they seem to have abundance of leg talent. They have aroused the most vague and indefinite interrogation point that ever stared at us from the surface of public affairs. You start to ask something about it, and all at once you are unable to frame your question.

Now, just sit still, and we will talk about it, all among ourselves, calmly. To me, it is one of the most interesting incidents in American history. If the two Houses of Congress knew all about all sections and conditions in this country as well as they ought to, the Army would receive a hearing from two special committees. Congress should not get what the Industrials will, no doubt, regard as the "big head." There has been too much of that on the bank of the Potomac already. Caesar has been eating too much strong meat, I fear.

THESE Industrials have thoughts on economic and political subjects. Coxey says producers like himself have more time to think than the merchants have, and that they are, therefore, more full of economic subjects. So, you see, it is the same old trouble that Caesar complained of when speaking of Cassius: "He thinks too much." In Caesar's day, such men were dangerous, you will remember. But we have changed all that—have we? What do you say, ladies and gentlemen, all among ourselves? Is there any danger? Not a particle.

YOU will remember that when the Army under Hogan captured the Northern Pacific train, at Butte, Mont., last week, and started East with it, it did not take very long for the troops from Fort Keogh to catch the outfit. These Hoganites are the rough remnant of the Cœur d'Alene mining massacres that caused so much alarm to the whole country some time ago. They are now in charge of the national authorities, and will not steal another train for some time.

COXEY and his travelers have just entered Washington, at this writing. Kelly and his Industrials are marching through Iowa, sometimes welcomed with warm meals, anon receiving the cold shoulder. Iowa seems about evenly divided as to whether Kelly ought to be tolerated or not. Neither Coxey nor Kelly has made any attempt at train-stealing or any other kind of violence. They are both apparently sincere in their belief that the presence in Washington of several thousand honest unemployed workmen, asking for a more paternal government, will have a great moral influence upon public sentiment. It is utterly ridiculous to suppose that Washington stands in any danger from either of these two aggregations.

BUT many of our contemporaries have seen fit to take alarm at Coxey's reference to his army as a "petition in boots." The right of petition is, of course, sacred; but this is the first time it has worn boots. There is also in that word "boots" a distant suggestion of spurs. You know? The phrase was unfortunate. But the footgear of Coxey's Army will not be as sharp after a while in Washington, as when they left Massillon.

THIS reminds me, however, that there are others to reckon with besides Coxey and Kelly. "General" Randall, of Chicago, has more than a thousand men enrolled to visit Washington, and there is no telling what kind of a time they may have counting ties, or getting a train out of Chicago. The great Metropolis, Jr., is full of idle men—and, no doubt, many of them are very

wild and gay; are not as much given to prayer and political economy as the Kellyites or Coxeites; perhaps more like the Hoganites. Chicago, of course, had to figure in this business, to be in the swim. She seldom gets left. But it is now officially announced that "General" Jeremiah Sullivan, who promised to lead an army from Chicago, under the auspices of the iron moulders, has failed to get funds from the organization. Nothing has been heard of Sullivan for several days.

WE must not close our eyes to the fact that the times are ticklish, nevertheless. More than one hundred thousand coal miners are on strike. Murder and riot are still threatened in the Pennsylvania coke regions. Organized labor is not on the best of terms with capital in other places. For these reasons it will not do for the authorities to use too harsh measures to such of the Industrials as are merely cranks, and not thugs and knaves. But, of course, riotous assemblage cannot be allowed. An uncalculated-for visit to Congress by an unduly large body of men—say, several thousand Industrials, demanding thus and so—cannot be thought of for a moment. Such proceedings as that have done harm before now. It cannot be tolerated. Washington may be visited—nice town. But not even the semblance of an invasion of the National Capital must be attempted.

It took the Ohio State militia three minutes to take a Baltimore and Ohio train from General Galvin's Industrials at Mt. Sterling, Ohio, April 28. General-Manager Dickinson's special train was robbed of its engine on the same date, near Portland, Ore. On the train were a number of Union Pacific officials. The attacking party were captured, locked in the cars, and brought back to Portland under guard of United States marshals. The situation looks rather threatening in the new Northwest about Portland, Tacoma and Seattle. Many of the Industrials seem to think that the railroads in the hands of receivers may be more easily seized than any others. When this vagary is dispelled, trains out there will be less liable to seizure.

A COMPROMISE on the tariff question is thought probable. It is believed that the Democratic majority in the Senate can now unite, and that the measure will be rushed through as fast as the Republican minority will allow. One of the features of the compromise is that the income tax is to be tried for five years. Another, is an ad valorem duty on sugar.

THE land is sinking in Greece, and an appeal has been issued in this country for aid to the stricken inhabitants.

JOHN L. WALLER, ex-Consul of the United States, has received a concession of two hundred and twenty-five square miles in the great rubber district of Fort Dauphin, on the south coast of Madagascar. Mr. Waller says he will stop the destruction of the rubber trees and vines by natives in their method of getting rubber, and will preserve the producing capacity of his concession by having the milk extracted in a scientific manner. He will also enter largely into the cultivation of the rubber plants.

DON CARLOS, pretender to the throne of Spain, married Princess Marie Berthe de Rohan, at Prague, April 27. The bridegroom will be remembered by his attempts, from time to time during the past twenty-five years, to establish his claim to the Spanish throne. He is the head of the branch of the Bourbon family that descends in a direct line from Louis XIV. Don Carlos was married before to a Bourbon princess, niece of the Count de Chambord, who was the last of the male line of Louis XV. Don Carlos is, therefore, at present the most formidable of existing Bourbons—outside of Kentucky. He was married to his first wife in 1867, and she died in January, 1893, leaving five children, one of whom, Don Jayme, is now twenty-four years old. This second marriage is considered a mesalliance, Princess Marie not being of the blood royal. Don Carlos is forty-six; Princess Marie is forty-four. He is very rich; she is very aristocratic. Together they may—we hope they will—live happily, even though they may not get the throne of Spain, which does not seem to be worth much, anyhow.

THE St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, was burned, April 28, with the loss, it is believed, of five lives. It was built sixty years ago. The first Confederate flag floated from its flagstaff. It was at one time the centre of social and political life in the South. The old St. Charles was burned in 1851, the late structure being on a slightly different plan. General Butler held the military capital at the St. Charles during his reign in the Crescent City. Within its walls many conferences were held before the Civil War; and if the ashes could speak now, we should hear some tales of intrigue and passionate discussion concerning the movement that plunged the country into four years of carnage and strife. The St. Charles was insured for two hundred and forty thousand dollars.

A FEW weeks ago I hinted at coming developments affecting the reputation of a certain high official in Belgium, and already the case has got into print with



H. RIDER HAGGARD.

more or less truthful details. But the statements thus far published affect the reputation of the wife of the official, one Mme. Joniaux, who is supposed to have poisoned three or four members of her family in order to secure insurances on their lives or shares of inheritable property of one kind or another. If the published accounts be true, even approximately, Mme. Joniaux must be a sort of modern Borgia, or, at least, a person whose character resembles that given by some historians to the famous Lucretia. The insurance companies seem to have been the cause of Mme. Joniaux's arrest on suspicion. The haste shown by the woman to recover the insurance money in some of the cases aroused the suspicion of the company's managers. Some of the bodies were exhumed, and poison was discovered, by the expert physicians and chemists employed, in the bodies of three of the victims, Alfred Ablay, Conie Ablay and Jacques van den Kerckhove. A strong link in the chain of evidence against Mme. Joniaux is the fact that, a few days before the death of Alfred Ablay, she is known to have purchased from a Brussels chemist a quantity of morphine, and that morphine was the poison detected in Ablay's stomach. Mme. Joniaux's defense will probably be that her brother was a victim of morphinomania; but it is asserted M. Hayoit, the Juge d'Instruction at present conducting the investigation in Paris, where Alfred Ablay usually resided, found no confirmation of this. It is freely rumored in Antwerp that M. Joniaux is about to be arrested. Public opinion is very divided as to his possible guilt. He is closeted in his house, and said to be terribly downcast, whereas Mme. Joniaux is represented as maintaining a very calm demeanor in prison. The latest rumor in the case is that the suspected woman is now said to be accused of poisoning her first husband also. The accused woman has been fully committed by the Court of Appeals for trial. The case will prove to be one of the most sensational of the *causes celebres* of modern times.

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

BY GEORGE WARRINGTON.

JUST eight years ago the literary world was startled by the appearance of a novel called "King Solomon's Mines." It was written with such spirit, such unconventional vigor of style, with such a bewildering array of startling incidents, forming a vividly interesting plot, that it quickly became the sensation of the day, and it was eagerly discussed both in America and in England. Before the excitement had time to subside, another story by the same author, and with the extraordinary title, "She," appeared. It was even more startling than the other had been, with its blending of mysticism, romance and adventure.

The new work created an even greater sensation than its predecessor had done, and in a short time the mystic name of "She-Who-Must-Be-Obedied" became a catch expression, and was heard on every lip. Readers began to see what personality was hidden behind what they supposed was the pseudonym on the title-page of each of the two novels, "H. Rider Haggard." "Of course," they said, "it's an obvious *nom de plume*—it's so queer." But they were speedily undeceived; for the author had taken no pains to hide himself, the name of Haggard belonging to his father and his father's father, and being honorably known in England. If it had been written in the conventional American style, it might have created no comment; for Henry R. Haggard is not in the least extraordinary.

Of course, every one wanted to know who the new author was. Then, in the first place, they were informed that he was not really a new author. He had, in fact, published three books before the appearance of "King Solomon's Mines." And these had all been well received, too! They might have been regarded as very agreeable successes if the stupendous success of the later works had not almost overwhelmed them. As it was, the new admirers of Rider Haggard who had not already seen "Dawn" and "The Witch's Head," and

half-forgotten the author's name, were glad enough to know and enjoy them while they were waiting for more stories to come from him. Moreover, lovers of true records of experience in strange lands recalled the fact that an excellent work, entitled, "Cetywayo and His White Neighbors, or Remarks on Recent Events in South Africa," which the critics had praised a short time before, bore the name that announced the authorship of "She."

So it was evident that H. Rider Haggard was a very versatile person, and it was probable that he had had a very varied and interesting life. Of course, he had been in Africa; he could not, otherwise, write about it with the intimate knowledge he displayed—with, moreover, the appreciation of the *spirit* of the country that no mere collection of facts could give him. How, then, did he get this knowledge? He bore an English name, his work showed a familiarity with England and a love for it; so he, naturally, *must* be an Englishman. And, indeed, he was found to be as good an Englishman as his birth, in 1856, in Ditchingham House, Norfolk, of the old family of Haggards, belonging to Brodram Hall, could make him. At the age of eighteen he was offered the post of private secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer, who carried him off to Natal. Next year he received a staff-appointment from Sir Theophilus Shepstone, Special Commissioner to the Transvaal, and not long afterward he was made Master of the High Court of the Transvaal. The breaking out of the Zulu war gave him what promised to be a splendid chance to see some fighting and to enjoy a little adventure. A volunteer corps—the Pretoria Horse—was organized, and he was made adjutant and lieutenant. To his disappointment, however, the Boers kept the corps from penetrating into the scene of the war. In 1879 he left the colonial service and returned to England. He had, by this time, acquired a good knowledge of South Africa, and he had, both consciously and unconsciously, accumulated a vast amount of material for the books that he was to write. After his arrival in England he devoted himself to the study of law and to literary work. His first three books appeared between '82 and '85, and in '85 he became a full-fledged barrister. Literature, however, still had fascination for him, and the following year he was known all over the English-speaking world as one of the most popular writers of the day. Since that time he has produced novels in rapid succession, and he now has a very large following. Among his later books are "Jesse," "Allan Quatermain," "Mairva's Revenge," "Mr. Meeson's Will," "Colonel Quartel," "Cleopatra," "Beatrice," "Eric," "Allan's Wife," "Montezuma's Daughter," and "Nada, the Lily."

Mr. Haggard visited this country and Mexico three years ago, and it is reported that he contemplates returning here next year, and possibly appearing on the platform. Personally, he is a man of striking appearance, sturdy of build, with a handsome head, marked by clear-cut features, and a blonde mustache. He likes sport and adventure, as his books show, and though he is now a barrister in Lincoln's Inn and a justice of the peace at his home in Norfolk, he can write as well as if he were in the wilds of Africa. All of his stories are marked by the interest of plot, the sympathy with humanity, the strength of sentiment and the boldness of style that won his first successes. He is still a young man, and some of his best achievements are undoubtedly before him.

All of Mr. Haggard's future novels are to appear in ONCE A WEEK'S Library. Look out for them.

BULLET-PROOF COATS.

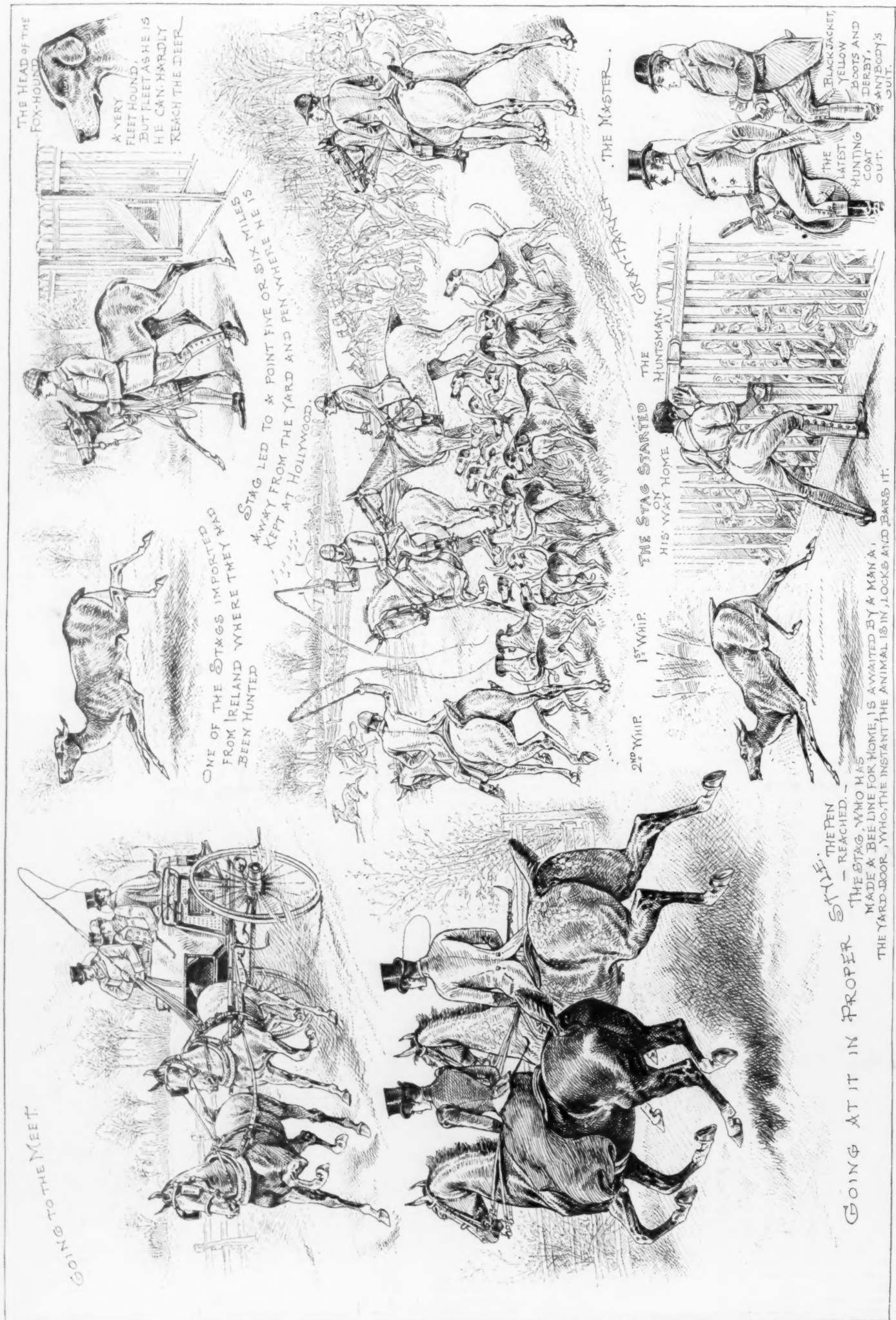
EMPEROR WILLIAM having ordered a complete test of Tailor Dowe's bullet-proof cuirass, Rifle Sergeant Kolmar experimented at the Wintergarten with the cuirass on the 28th ult. After the cloth had been fitted over an iron block, he fired fifteen shots at a range of thirty feet. One bullet stuck in the coat, and the others fell to the floor. The inside of the cloth was hardly dented.

WILLIAM M'GARRAHAN.

WILLIAM M'GARRAHAN, known for nearly half a century about Washington as the persistent and irrepressible claimant of the quicksilver mine possessed by the New Idria Mining Co. of California, has died, leaving no heirs except a cousin, Mrs. Decker, who resides in Brooklyn. The *Tribune* hints that perhaps there never was anything in the M'Garrahan claim; but, in very truth, it always appeared to people who took the trouble really to study the case, that a great injustice had been done to a very worthy man, and that it was one of those curious developments wherein might, represented by money, was stronger than right represented by a poor, struggling Irishman. So that it is not just to remark flippantly that the M'Garrahan claim is like the famous Schleswig-Holstein question, of which Lord Palmerston said: "There are only two men in Europe who ever understood it. One of them is dead, and I am the other, and have forgotten all about it." The case must have had strong claims and clear claims to have received the sanction of several successive Congresses.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT THE PARIS SALON.

AT the Paris Salon of the Champs Elysées, which opened this week, the leading French artists are well represented. Bouguereau, Détaillé, Chartran, Jules Breton, Benjamin Constant, Tony Robert Fleury, Jules Lefebvre exhibit charming and masterly compositions. A great feature of the Salon is the number of fine canvases exhibited by American artists, men and women. Mr. Walter Gay of Boston, is, this year, represented by a picture entitled, "Las Cigarreras," or the "Cigarette-Makers." Mme. de Foidard, who was Miss Batchelor of Washington, is much praised for a life-size portrait of the little daughter of our Consul-General. Miss Elizabeth Gardner, the only American lady artist whose paintings have ever received a medal at the Salon, shows, this year, a charming piece entitled, "Across the Brook." Other American artists whose pictures have been hung are Edwin Lord Weeks and Henry Bacon of Boston, S. J. Caufmann of Philadelphia, F. A. Bridgman of New York, Peter A. Cross of Allentown, Pa., Charles A. Theriat and Mrs. Celia Wentworth of New York.



STAG-HUNTING WITH THE MONMOUTH COUNTY (N. J.) HOUNDS.—DRAWN BY GRAY PARKER.



GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S NEW OPERA AS PERFORMED AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE.
(From photographs by Rockwood.—See page 7.)



THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION AT FRAUNCE'S TAVERN.
(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by G. W. PETERS.—See page 11.)

THE VENGEANCE OF THE DEAD.

BY ROBERT BARR.

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T is a bad thing for a man to die with an unsatisfied thirst for revenge parching his soul. David Allen died, cursing Bernard Heaton and Lawyer Grey; hating the lawyer who had won the case even more than the man who was to gain by the winning. Yet if cursing were to be done, David should rather have cursed his own stubbornness and stupidity.

To go back for some years, this is what had happened. Squire Heaton's only son went wrong. The Squire raged, as was natural. He was one of a long line of hard-drinking, hard-riding, hard-swearing squires, and it was maddening to think that his only son should deliberately take to books and cold water, when there was mainly sport on the country side and old wine in the cellar. Yet before now such blows have descended upon deserving men, and they have to be borne as best they may. Squire Heaton bore it badly, and when his son went off on a Government scientific expedition around the world, the Squire drank harder, rode harder and swore harder than ever, but never mentioned the boy's name.

Two years after, young Heaton returned, but the doors of the Hall were closed against him. He had no mother to plead for him, although it was not likely that would have made any difference, for the Squire was not a man to be appealed to and swayed this way or that. He took his hedges, his drinks, and his course in life straight. The young man went to India, where he was drowned. As there is no mystery in this matter, it may as well be stated here that young Heaton returned to England, as drowned men have ever been in the habit of doing, when their return will mightily inconvenience innocent persons who have taken their places. It is a disputed question whether the sudden disappearance of a man, or his reappearance after a lapse of years is the more annoying.

If the old Squire felt remorse at the supposed death of his only son he did not show it. The hatred which had been directed against his unnatural offspring redoubled itself and was bestowed on his nephew, David Allen, who was now the legal heir to the estate and its income. Allen was the impecunious son of the Squire's sister, who had married wrong. It is hard to starve when one is heir to a fine property; but that is what David did, and it soured him. The Jews would not lend on the security—the son might return—so David Allen waited for a dead man's shoes, impoverished and embittered.

At last the shoes were ready for him to step into. The old Squire died as a gentleman should, of apoplexy, in his arm-chair, with a decanter at his elbow; David Allen entered into his belated inheritance, and his first act was to discharge every servant, male and female, about the place and engage others who owed their situations to him alone. Then were the Jews sorry they had not trusted him.

He was now rich, but broken in health, with bent shoulders, without a friend on the earth. He was a man suspicious of all the world, and he had a furtive look over his shoulder as if he expected Fate to deal him a sudden blow—as, indeed, it did.

It was a beautiful June day when there passed the porter's lodge and walked up the avenue to the main entrance of the Hall a man whose face was bronzed by a torrid sun. He requested speech with the master, and was asked into a room to wait.

At length David Allen shuffled in, with his bent shoulders, glaring at the intruder from under his bushy eyebrows. The stranger rose as he entered and extended his hand.

"You don't know me, of course. I believe we have never met before. I am your cousin."

Allen ignored the outstretched hand.

"I have no cousin," he said.

"I am Bernard Heaton, the son of your uncle."

"Bernard Heaton is dead."

"I beg your pardon, he is not. I ought to know, for I tell you, I am he."

"You lie!"

Heaton, who had been standing since his cousin's entrance, now sat down again, Allen remaining on his feet. "Look here," said the newcomer. "Civility costs nothing and—"

"I cannot be civil to an impostor."

"Quite so. It is difficult. Still if I am an impostor, civility can do no harm, while if it should turn out that I am not an impostor, then your present tone may make after arrangements all the harder upon you. Now will you oblige me by sitting down? I dislike, while sitting myself, talking to a standing man."

"Will you oblige me by stating what you want before I order my servants to turn you out?"

"I see you are going to be hard on yourself. I will endeavor to keep my temper, and if I succeed it will be a triumph for a member of our family. I am to state what I want? I will. I want as my own the three rooms on the first floor of the south wing—the rooms communicating with each other. You perceive I, at least, know the house. I want my meals served there, and I wish to be undisturbed at all hours. Next, I desire that you settle upon me say five hundred a year—or six hundred—out of the revenues of the estate. I am engaged in scientific research of a peculiar kind. I can make money, of course, but I wish my mind left entirely free from financial worry. I shall not interfere with your enjoyment of the estate in the least."

"I'll wager you will not. So you think I am fool enough to harbor and feed the first idle vagabond that comes along and claims to be my dead cousin? Go to the courts with your story and be imprisoned, as similar perjurers have been."

"Of course, I don't expect you to take my word for it. If you were any judge of human nature you would see I am not a vagabond. Still, that's neither here nor there. Choose three of your own friends. I will lay my proofs before them, and abide by their decision. Come, nothing could be fairer than that, now, could it?"

"Go to the courts, I tell you."

"Oh, certainly. But only as a last resort. No wise man goes to law if there is another course open. But

what is the use of taking such an absurd position. You know I'm your cousin. I'll take you blindfold into every room in the place."

"Any discharged servant could do that. I have had enough of you. I am not a man to be blackmailed. Will you leave the house yourself, or shall I call the servants to put you out?"

"I should be sorry to trouble you," said Heaton, rising. "That is your last word, I take it?"

"Absolutely."

"Then good-by. We shall meet at Phillippi."

Allen watched him disappear down the avenue, and it dimly occurred to him that he had not acted diplomatically.

Heaton went directly to Lawyer Grey, and laid the case before him. He told the lawyer what his modest demands were, and gave instructions that if, at any time before the suit came off, his cousin would compromise, an arrangement avoiding publicity should be arrived at.

"Excuse me for saying that looks like weakness," remarked the lawyer.

"I know it does," answered Heaton. "But my case is so strong that I can afford to have it appear weak."

The lawyer shook his head. He knew how uncertain the law was. But he soon discovered that no compromise was possible.

The case came to trial, and the verdict was entirely in favor of Bernard Heaton.

The pallor of death spread over the sallow face of David Allen as he realized that he was once again a man without a penny or a foot of land. He left the court with bowed head, speaking no word to those who had defended him. Heaton hurried after him, overtaking him on the pavement.

"I knew this had to be the result," he said to the defeated man. "No other outcome was possible. I have no desire to cast you penniless into the street. What you refused to me I shall be glad to offer you. I will make the annuity a thousand pounds."

Allen, trembling, darted one look of malignant hate at his cousin.

"You successful scoundrel!" he cried, "you and your villainous confederate, Grey. I tell you—"

The blood rushed to his mouth; he fell upon the pavement and died. One and the same day had robbed him of his land and his life.

Bernard Heaton deeply regretted the tragic issue, but went on with his researches at the Hall, keeping much to himself. Lawyer Grey, who had won renown by his conduct of the celebrated case, was almost his only friend. To him Heaton partially disclosed his hopes, told what he had learned during those years he had been lost to the world in India, and claimed that if he succeeded in combining the occultism of the East with the science of the West, he would make for himself a name of imperishable renown.

The lawyer, a practical man of the world, tried to persuade Heaton to abandon his particular line of research, but without success.

"No good can come of it," said Grey. "India has spoiled you. Men who dabble too much in that sort of thing go mad. The brain is a delicate instrument. Do not trifle with it."

"Nevertheless," persisted Heaton, "the great discoveries of the twentieth century are going to be in that line just as the great discoveries of the nineteenth century have been in the direction of electricity."

"The cases are not parallel. Electricity is a tangible substance."

"Is it? Then tell me what it is composed of? We all know how it is generated, and we know partly what it will do, but what is it?"

"I shall have to charge you six-and-eightpence for answering that question," the lawyer had said, with a laugh. "At any rate, there is a good deal to be discovered about electricity yet. Turn your attention to that, and leave this Indian nonsense alone."

Yet, astonishing as it may seem, Bernard Heaton, to his undoing, succeeded, after many futile attempts, several times narrowly escaping death. Inventors and discoverers have to risk their lives as often as soldiers, with less chance of worldly glory.

First, his invisible excursions were confined to the house and his own grounds, then he went further afield, and to his intense astonishment, one day he met the spirit of the man who hated him.

"Ah," said David Allen, "you did not live long to enjoy your ill-gotten gains."

"You are as wrong in this sphere of existence as you were in the other. I am not dead."

"Then why are you here and in this shape?"

"I suppose there is no harm in telling you. What I wanted to discover, at the time you would not give me a hearing, was how to separate the spirit from its servant—the body; that is, temporarily and not finally. My body is at this moment lying apparently asleep in a locked room in my house—one of the rooms I begged from you. In an hour or two I shall return and take possession of it."

"And how do you take possession of it and quit it?" Heaton, pleased to notice the absence of that rancor which had formerly been Allen's most prominent characteristic, and feeling that any information given to a disembodied spirit was safe as far as the world was concerned, launched out on the subject that possessed his whole mind.

"It is very interesting," said Allen, when he had finished.

And so they parted.

David Allen at once proceeded to the Hall, which he had not seen since the day he left it to attend the trial. He passed quickly through the familiar apartments until he entered the locked room on the first floor of the south wing. There on the bed lay the body of Heaton, most of the color gone from his face, but breathing regularly, if almost imperceptibly, like a mechanical wax-figure.

If a watcher had been in the room, he would have seen the color slowly return to the face and the sleeper gradually awaken, at last rising from the bed.

Allen, in the body of Heaton, at first felt very uncomfortable, as a man does who puts on an ill-fitting suit of clothes. The limitations caused by the wearing of a body also discommodated him. He looked carefully around the room. It was plainly furnished. A desk

in the corner he found contained the manuscript of a book prepared for the printer, all executed with the neat accuracy of a scientific man. Above the desk, pasted against the wall, was a sheet of paper, headed:

"What to do if I am found here apparently dead." Underneath were plainly-written instructions. It was evident that Heaton had taken no one into his confidence.

It is well if you go in for revenge to make it as complete as possible. Allen gathered up the MS., placed it in the grate, and set a match to it. Thus he at once destroyed his enemy's chances of posthumous renown, and also removed evidence that might, in certain contingencies, prove Heaton's insanity.

Unlocking the door, he proceeded down the stairs, where he met a servant who told him luncheon was ready. He noticed that the servant was one whom he had discharged, so he came to the conclusion that Heaton had taken back all the old retainers who had applied to him when the result of the trial became public. Before lunch was over he saw that some of his own servants were also there still.

"Send the gamekeeper to me," said Allen to the servant.

Brown came in, who had been on the estate for twenty years continuously, with the exception of the few months after Allen had packed him off.

"What pistols have I, Brown?"

"Well, sir, there's the old squire's dueling-pistols, rather out of date, sir; then your own pair and that American revolver."

"Is the revolver in working order?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Then bring it to me, and some cartridges."

When Brown returned with the revolver his master took it and examined it.

"Be careful, sir," said Brown, anxiously. "You know it's a self-cocker, sir."

"A what?"

"A self-cocking revolver, sir," trying to repress his astonishment at the question his master asked about a weapon with which he should have been familiar.

"Show me what you mean," said Allen, handing back the revolver.

Brown explained that the mere pulling of the trigger fired the weapon.

"Now shoot at the end window—never mind the glass. Don't stand gaping at me; do as I tell you."

Brown fired the revolver, and a diamond pane snapped out of the window.

"How many times will that shoot without reloading?"

"Seven times, sir."

"Very good. Put in a cartridge for the one you fired and leave the revolver with me. Find out when there is a train to town, and let me know."

It will be remembered that the dining-room incident was used at the trial, but without effect, as going to show that Bernard Heaton was insane. Brown also testified that there was something queer about his master that day.

David Allen found all the money he needed in the pockets of Bernard Heaton. He caught his train, and took a cab from the station directly to the law offices of Messrs. Grey, Leason and Grey, anxious to catch the lawyer before he left for the day.

The clerk sent up word that Mr. Heaton wished to see the senior Mr. Grey for a few moments. Allen was asked to walk up.

"You know the way, sir," said the clerk.

Allen hesitated.

"Announce me, if you please."

The clerk, being well-trained, showed no surprise, but led the visitor to Mr. Grey's door.

"How are you, Heaton?" said the lawyer, cordially.

"Take a chair. Where have you been keeping yourself this long time? How are the Indian experiments coming on?"

"Admirably, admirably," answered Allen.

At the sound of his voice the lawyer looked up quickly, then, apparently reassured, he said:

"You're not looking quite the same. Been keeping yourself too much indoors, I imagine. You ought to quit research and do some shooting this autumn."

"I intend to, and I hope then to have your company."

"I shall be pleased to run down, although I am no great hand at a gun."

"I want to speak with you a few moments in private. Would you mind locking the door so that we may not be interrupted?"

"We are quite safe from interruption here," said the lawyer as he turned the key in the lock; then resuming his seat, he added: "Nothing serious, I hope?"

"It is rather serious. Do you mind my sitting here?" asked Allen, as he drew up his chair so that he was between Grey and the door, with the table separating them. The lawyer was watching him with anxious face; but without, as yet, serious apprehension.

"Now," said Allen, "will you answer me a simple question? To whom are you talking?"

"To whom?" The lawyer in his amazement could get no further.

"Yes. To whom are you talking? Name him."

"Heaton, what is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

"Well, you have mentioned a name; but, being a villain and a lawyer, you cannot give a direct answer to a very simple question. You think you are talking to that poor fool, Bernard Heaton. It is true that the body you are staring at is Heaton's body; but the man you are talking to is me—David Allen—the man you swindled and then murdered. Sit down. If you move you are a dead man. Don't try to edge to the door. There are seven deaths in this revolver, and the whole seven can be let loose in less than that many seconds, for this is a self-cocking instrument. Now it will take you a least ten seconds to get to the door, so remain exactly where you are. That advice will strike you as

Before breakfast Bromo-Seltzer
Acts as a bracer—trial bottle 10 cts.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

wise, even if, as you think, you have to do with a madman. You asked me a minute ago how the Indian experiments were coming on, and I answered, admirably. Bernard Heaton left his body this morning, and I, David Allen, am now in possession of it. Do you understand? I admit it is a little difficult for the legal mind to grasp such a situation."

"Ah, not at all," said Grey, airily. "I comprehend it perfectly. The man I see before me is the spirit, life, soul—whatever you like to call it—of David Allen in the body of my friend, Bernard Heaton. The—ah—essence of my friend is at this moment fruitlessly searching for his missing body. Perhaps he is in this room now, not knowing how to get out a spiritual writ of ejectment against you."

"You show more quickness than I expected of you," said Allen.

"Thanks," rejoined Grey, although he said to himself, "Heaton has gone mad! stark, staring mad, as I expected he would. He is armed. The situation is becoming dangerous. I must humor him."

"Thanks. And now may I ask what you propose to do? You have not come here for legal advice. You never, unluckily for me, were a client of mine."

"No. I did not come either to give or take advice. I am here, alone with you—you gave orders that we were not to be disturbed, remember—for the sole purpose of revenging myself on you and on Heaton. Now listen, for the scheme will commend itself to your ingenious mind. I shall murder you in this room. I shall then give myself up. I shall vacate this body in Newgate Prison, and your friend may then resume his tenancy or not, as he chooses. He may allow the unoccupied body to die in the cell, or he may take possession of it and be hanged for murder. Do you appreciate the completeness of my vengeance on you both? Do you think your friend will care to put on his body again?"

"It is a nice question," said the lawyer, as he edged his chair imperceptibly along and tried to grope behind himself, unperceived by his visitor, for the electric button placed against the wall. "It is a nice question, and I would like to have time to consider it in all its bearings before I gave an answer."

"You shall have all the time you care to allow yourself. I am in no hurry, and I wish you to realize your situation as completely as possible. Allow me to say that the electric button is a little to the left, and slightly above where you are feeling for it. I merely mention this because I must add, in fairness to you, that the moment you touch it time ends as far as you are concerned. When you press the ivory button, I fire."

The lawyer rested his arms on the table before him, and for the first time a hunted look of alarm came into his eyes, which died out of them when, after a moment or two of intense fear, he regained possession of himself.

"I would like to ask you a question or two," he said at last.

"As many as you choose. I am in no hurry, as I said before."

"I am thankful for your reiteration of that. The first question is, then: has a temporary residence in another sphere interfered in any way with your reasoning powers?"

"I think not."

"Ah, I had hoped that your appreciation of logic might have improved during your—well, let us say absence; you were not very logical—not very amenable to reason, formerly."

"I know you thought so."

"I did; so did your own legal adviser, by the way. Well, now let me ask you are so bitter against me? Why not murder the judge who charged against you, or the jury that unanimously gave a verdict in our favor? I was merely an instrument, as were they."

"It was your devilish trickiness that won the case."

"That statement is flattering, but untrue. The case was its own best advocate. But you haven't answered the question. Why not murder judge and jury?"

"I would gladly do so if I had them in my power. You see I am perfectly logical."

"Quite, quite," said the lawyer. "I am encouraged to proceed. Now, of what did my devilish trickiness rob you?"

"Of my property, and then of my life."

"I deny both allegations; but will, for the sake of the argument, admit them for the moment. First, as to your property. It was a possession that might at any moment be jeopardized by the return of Bernard Heaton."

"By the real Bernard Heaton—yes."

"Very well, then. As you are now re-possessed of the property, and as you have the outward semblance of Heaton, your rights cannot be questioned. As far as property is concerned, you are now in an unassailable position where formerly you were in an assailable one. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly."

"We come (second) to the question of life. You then occupied a body frail, bent, and diseased—a body which, as events showed, gave way under exceptional excitement. You are now in a body strong and healthy, with apparently a long life before it. You admit the truth of all I have said on those two points?"

"I quite admit it."

"Then, to sum up, you are now in a better position—infinately—both as regards life and property, than the one from which my malignity—ingenuity I think was your word—ah, yes—trickiness—thanks—removed you. Now why cut your career short? Why murder me? Why not live out your life, under better conditions, in luxury and health, and thus be completely revenged on Bernard Heaton? If you are logical, now is the time to show it."

Allen arose slowly, holding the pistol in his right hand.

"You miserable scoundrel!" he cried. "You pettifoggish lawyer—tricky to the last! How gladly you would throw over your friend to prolong your own wretched existence! Do you think you are now talking to a biased judge and a susceptible, brainless jury? Revenged on Heaton? I am revenged on him already. But part of my vengeance involves your death. Are you ready for it?"

Allen pointed the revolver at Grey, who had now

also risen, his face ashen. He kept his eyes fastened on the man he believed to be mad. His hand crept along the wall. There was intense silence between them. Allen did not fire. Slowly the lawyer's hand moved toward the electric button. At last he felt the ebony rim, and his fingers quickly covered it. In the stillness, the vibrating ring of an electric bell somewhere below was audible. Then the sharp crack of the revolver suddenly split the silence. The lawyer dropped on one knee, holding his arm in the air as if to ward off attack. Again the revolver rang out, and Grey plunged forward on his face. The other five shots struck a lifeless body.

A strata of blue smoke hung, breast-high, in the room, as if it were the departing soul of the man who lay motionless on the floor. Outside were excited voices, and some one flung himself ineffectually against the stout locked door.

Allen crossed the room, and, turning the key, flung open the door. "I have murdered your master," he said, handing the revolver butt forward to the nearest man. "I give myself up. Go and get an officer."

"UTOPIA, LIMITED."

BY GILSON WILLETS.

FOR obvious reasons, "Utopia, Limited," now merrymaking at the Broadway Theatre, is the most interesting dramatic event of this season, notwithstanding the fact that it is not up to the standard of the former work produced by Gilbert and Sullivan.

The story is about the simple, child-like King Paramount of Utopia, who finds himself in the power of two of his wise-men, having been tricked by them into libeling himself in his own court paper. His Majesty is exceedingly annoyed. He is wondering what to do, when his daughter, the Princess Zara, who has been studying in England, returns with six choice specimens of English civilization, in the persons of an English Lord Chamberlain, Captain Fitzbattleaxe, of the Life Guard; Captain Sir Edwin Corcoran, of the Royal Navy; Sir Bailey Barre, Q.C., M.P.; Mr. Blushington, of the London County Council, and Mr. Goldbury, a company promoter of the genuine gift enterprise sort. The Princess Zara presents these gentlemen to the King, who is immediately seized with a violent attack of Anglomaniac. And, happy idea! He can now rid himself of his odious wise-men. He resolves to Britainize Utopia, and communicates his views to the "Flowers of Progress," who drive out the wise-men and reorganize the whole country. The lazy inhabitants are quickened into life by the progressiveness of the Englishmen, and Anglomaniac soon becomes epidemic. Falling prostrate before the *ex cathedra* utterances of the English Promoter, Utopia becomes a limited liability company. Even the babies form themselves into limited liability companies, and issue their little prospectuses; so that no debts are paid and everything is at a standstill. It is thereupon discovered that one thing has been forgotten—government by Party—and with the conversion of Utopia from a "monarchy limited" to a "limited monarchy," the operetta ends.

The first act discloses a palm grove in the gardens of the King's palace. In the distance the sea rests drowsily, and all about is picturesque and luxuriant landscape. Utopian maidens, in costumes of many colors, recline lazily under fruit-laden trees, thoroughly enjoying themselves in lotos-eating fashion, and sing the opening chorus—a chorus of Gilbert's old-time cleverness in rhyme, wedded to Sullivan's dreamiest music:

In lazy languor—motionless,
We lie and dream of nothingness;
For visions come
From Poppodrom
Direct at our command.
Or, delicate alternative,
In open idleness we live,
With lyre and lute
And silver flute,
The life of Lazyland!

From now on through twenty-seven numbers, all set to fitting and expressive music, there is one fling after another at certain social and political institutions of England. One of the most amusing conceits is that of twin daughters of the King, who, having been taught to be shy, are shown to the islanders from two to four o'clock daily as object-lessons, and who sing of themselves as follows:

Oh, maids of high and low degree,
Whose social code is rather free,
Please look at us and you will see
What good young ladies ought to be!
And as we stand, like clockwork toys,
A lecturer whom papa employs,
Proceeds to praise
Our modest ways
And guileless character—
Our well-known blush—our downcast eyes—
Our famous look of mild surprise
(Which competition still defies)—
Our celebrated "Sir!!!"
Then all the crowd take down our looks
In pocket memorandum books.
To diagnose
Our modest pose
The Kodaks do their best:
If evidence you would possess
Of what is maiden bashfulness,
You only need a button press—
And tee do all the rest.

The second act represents the throne-room in the palace—a scene of dazzling beauty. Outside, the big round moon lends its beauty to an enchanting tropical night; inside, the great hall is ablaze with myriads of lights, electrically arranged in most lavish profusion, in unconventional but artistic fashion. Upon the left is the throne under a canopy of amber-colored velvet, upon which is embroidered the English coat-of-arms in silver and colored silks. The floor is actually an inlaid mosaic, highly polished. No scene so daring, and yet so artistic and beautiful, has been witnessed on any New York stage this season.

Next comes a presentation at court. King Para-

mount, in the uniform of an English Field Marshal, stands before his throne to receive his guests. The five specimens of English Progress constantly elbow his Majesty, instructing him—giving him tips, as it were, on the ways of the real Court of St. James. This scene affords a splendid exhibition of costumes. With great ceremony, one fair lady after another, each dressed in magnificent court gown, with a train covering yards and yards of floor space, enters and is presented to the King.

After this, the King's ex-wise-men, unconverted and ill at ease amid the new state of affairs, rush in and rudely state their objections to the innovation. Explaining how Utopia has been brought to a standstill, they sing:

These boons have brought Utopia to a standstill!
Our pride and boast—the Army and the Navy—
Have both been reconstructed and remodeled
Upon so irresistible a basis
That all the neighboring nations have disarmed—
And War's impossible! Your County Councilor
Has passed such drastic Sanitary laws
That all the doctors dwindle, starve and die!
The laws, remodeled by Sir Bailey Barre,
Have quite extinguished crime and litigation:
The lawyers starve, and all the jails are let
As model lodgings for the working-classes!
In short—
Utopia, swamped by dull Prosperity,
Demands that these detested Flowers of Progress
Be sent about their business, and affairs
Restored to their original complexion!

All this, of course, perplexes the King, and he is sorely distracted. What is wrong? Ah! The Princess Zara has it. They have omitted the most essential element of all—Government by Party. "Introduce that great and glorious element," says Zara, "at once the bulwark and foundation of England's greatness—and all will be well! No political measures will endure, because one Party will assuredly undo all that the other party has done; and while grouse is to be shot and foxes worried to death, the legislative action of the country will be at a standstill. Then there will be sickness in plenty, endless lawsuits, crowded jails, interminable confusion in the army and navy, and, in short, general and unexampled prosperity."

The opera is staged under the management of Mr. Charles Harris, while the business end is looked after by Mr. Herbert Brook. (See page 5.)

ROSEBERY AND BARNUM.

THE prominence of Lord Rosebery in English affairs, both political and social, recalls what P. T. Barnum said of the distinguished gentleman when he was in New York twenty years ago.

In his autobiography, the great showman tells us that he received a letter from Lord Rosebery stating he was to sail for England on the 27th of January, and that, as he had seen most of this country and its lions, he did not like to leave without an interview with Barnum, and invited him to breakfast at the Brevoort House on the 26th. Mr. Barnum accepted, and tells us the breakfast was a "most dainty, delightful and *recherché* affair."

Lord Rosebery was well-posted about America and its institutions. He told Mr. Barnum he had read his autobiography, and had visited his Roman Hippodrome, and was anxious to see "the man who was so celebrated throughout the world for the magnitude and perfection of his enterprises as a caterer for public gratification."

Mr. Barnum describes Lord Rosebery as a good storyteller and a good listener, and as being so amused with Mr. Barnum's stories that "more than once he pushed back his chair from the table and gave vent to his hilarity in hearty, unrestrained laughter."

At parting, the two celebrities exchanged photographs, autographs and compliments.

In 1876 Lord Rosebery again visited this country, and the proprietor of the "greatest show on earth" received another invitation from the nobleman to be his guest at breakfast, this time at the New York Club. Invited to meet him were the poet, Tupper, and the "chief editor of a prominent New York paper." Mr. Barnum concludes the account as follows:

"The occasion was an exceedingly enjoyable one, and if, as is said, laughter aids digestion, I am confident that three of the quartette were not troubled with dyspepsia after that delicious meal. Since his marriage with Miss Rothschild, I have received a letter from Lord Rosebery, in which he makes witty and pleasant allusion to that never-to-be-forgotten breakfast. The transatlantic friends of this brilliant nobleman are pleased to know that he has recently been chosen Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen."

HONOR TO JOAN OF ARC.

THE Cathedral of Notre-Dame, Paris, was the scene, on Sunday, April 22, of a magnificent demonstration in honor of Joan of Arc, lately raised, by an edict of Rome, to the rank of the Venerable Joanne of Lorraine. This action, which is the first step to canonization, has given unlimited satisfaction to the French, who are devotedly attached to the memory of the girl-savior of France. The celebration at Notre-Dame was organized by the Catholic societies of Paris; but was of a patriotic as well as religious character, members of the Government, the Governor of Paris and his staff being among those present. Banners of all the towns associated with Joan and her work entered into the decorations of the Cathedral, special prominence being given to those of St. Die, where she was born; Orleans, which she saved; Rheims, where she had Charles VII. crowned, and Rouen, where she was martyred.

To the right of the entrance of the chancel of Notre-Dame stands an ancient statue of the Virgin and Child. Before this Joan's mother and companions prayed when they came to Paris to give evidence at the trial of the Maid. At the conclusion of the ceremonies the flags carried in procession—one of which was copied from the flag held by Joan when conducting the King to Rheims—were placed at the foot of this statue.

Our illustrations on page 8 give interesting views of the scenes of Joan's life, labors and death, and also show the banner and sword carried by the Maid.



VENERATION OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

(See page 7.)

LITERARY LIGHTS OF BOSTON

BY LIDIA A. CHURCHILL

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"... Oh my gentle sisters, oh my brothers,
These thick-sown snowflakes hint of toil's release;
These feebler pulses bid me leave to others
The tasks once welcome; evening asks for peace.

"Time claims his tribute; silence now is golden;
Let me not vex the too long suffering lyre;
Though to your love untiring still beholden,
The curfew tells me—cover up the fire."

THUS sang Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his sweetest and saddest poem, "The Iron Gate," which was composed for those who gathered at the breakfast given him on his seventieth birthday. Yet some to whom the poem was addressed, and who, in point of years, might have been the children or grandchildren of its writer, have passed before him into the Land of Silence. Amid the dreamy byways of Sleepy Hollow, in old Concord, resting in the noble company of Emerson, Hawthorne,



THE LATE JAMES T. FIELDS.

Thoreau and her own distinguished father, sleeps the "children's friend," Louisa M. Alcott, who was one of those bidden to this feast of physical food and intellectual manna.

A small, tremulous figure is that which goes in and out of the Holmes mansion on Beacon Street; but the wrinkled face is cheery, and the gray eyes, which light up under the heavy brows, are still those of one of "the boys."

Humorous and tender, grave and playful, never the uninterested man or the wearisome man, seeing scores of strangers, writing hundreds of autographs, busy, industrious and content, our beloved Autocrat, "eighty-five years young," draws about him the beautiful mantle of a noble manhood's evening, and waits in the mellow rays of life's sunset for the "one clear call" which shall, indeed, sound the advent of "toil's release."

MRS. MARGARET DELAND.

A few years ago there was told a popular story of a sea captain who was wont to cruise in distant waters, and who, when asked if he had landed at a certain island inhabited solely by savages, replied:

"Oh, yes. I went ashore there, and as I was going into harbor, five hundred natives hailed me, and asked if I had read 'Robert Elsmere.'"

These natives might have asked with equal propriety if he had read "John Ward, Preacher"; for it was at this time receiving nearly as much attention in the literary world as the masterpiece of Mrs. Ward. It is a curious fact that the author of this wonderful book,



RESIDENCE OF DR. HOLMES, 206 BEACON STREET.

Mrs. Margaret Deland, wrote the first thing which brought her recognition as a writer on a piece of rough brown paper in a meat-market. Waiting, one day, with her friend, Miss Derby, in a market, she carelessly wrote a stanza or two of poetry on a piece of paper which lay before her on the counter. Miss



RUSSELL HOUSE, LEXINGTON, HOME OF MISS NORA PERRY.

Derby read the lines, and exclaimed over them with delight. She insisted upon their being copied and sent to Harper's. Thus the world became possessed of that lovely little poem, "The Succory," and its author was a poet discovered unto herself as well as to others. Her first collected poems, which also made her first book, was called "The Old Garden, and Other Poems." The volume was published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The first edition was exhausted in three weeks, and four more editions were immediately issued. But if "The Old Garden" entranced thousands of hearts, "John Ward, Preacher," which was Mrs. Deland's next literary

effort, was destined to hold captive its tens of thousands of admirers. Mrs. Deland declares, with unassumed modesty, that the success of "John Ward" was due to the fortunate accident of its having been produced when the public mind was ready to enjoy something in the line of "Robert Elsmere," and yet quite different from the great English novel. But if it was accident which made Mrs. Deland a successful writer, it can scarcely be a series of accidents which keep her so. It is surely talent of a high order which has produced the later stories which rank favorably with her first novel, and keep the name of their author among those of the keenest and brightest of American writers. Mrs. Deland is graceful in movement, and her manner, with its warm graciousness, is exceedingly charming. Her dark hair falls away from a broad brow, and her eyes, with their warm light, are very expressive. Her handsome home is on Mt. Vernon Street, in the old and once most aristocratic part of the city, and is a place where literary and artistic people love to congregate.

NORA PERRY.

To those who believe in reincarnation, and who would, at least, love to believe in the "wild traditions" of which Longfellow sings in "Hiawatha," it would not seem at all improbable that Nora Perry is the rebodied "Chibiabos, the musician, he the sweetest of all singers." Miss Perry sings as the birds sing—sweetly, thrillingly, and with a note of utter naturalness. Few authors have been born to the world with



DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

such suddenness as was this New England poet and fiction-writer. There appeared one day in a Washington paper a little poem, dainty as a dewdrop and sprightly as a thorn blossom, called "Tying Her Bonnet Under Her Chin," which as instantly took the popular fancy as did the song of "Buttercup," in "Pinafore," and which was copied in nearly every paper in the land.

About a year after its advent a friend of its author told her that the editor of the *Atlantic* had been heard to declare that, if Nora Perry would write for his magazine as good a poem as "Tying Her Bonnet Under Her Chin," he would pay her twenty dollars for it—a good price at that time for a short poem. Miss Perry herself revealed what the editor had carefully concealed, that he had rejected the very poem whose equal he was now so anxious to obtain. Acting on the hint from her friend, the young poet sent "After the Ball" to the *Atlantic*, which immediately accepted it. This poem brought Miss Perry into immediate and prominent notice, and literary men and women everywhere sought out the luminous-rayed new star which had risen in the New England sky. It was at this time that Whittier first visited the girl-poet, and inaugurated between himself and her that friendship which lasted till his death. The two carried on a constant correspondence, and the letters which Miss Perry, after her friend's death, put into the hands of Mr. Pickard, of the *Portland Transcript*, who married Mr. Whittier's niece, and to whom was intrusted the editing of the poet's papers, show that to this



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES IN HIS STUDY.

bright, responsive young girl the shy, gifted man revealed much of his inner self and the feelings of his heart. The young writer was admitted into the famous Chestnut Street Radical Club, where she seems to have been a bud, albeit a most sprightly and fragrant one, among full-blown roses, being so much the junior of the other members, but still able to defend her doctrines and uphold her convictions by a wisdom born rather of insight than knowledge, intuition rather than experience. Among the people who frequented this club, and with whom she became a special favorite, were the Sargents, the Ticknors, the Whipples and the Sumners. Among Miss Perry's warm personal friends—here and in the world invisible—are Harriett Prescott Spofford, Louise Chandler Moulton, George W. Curtis, Wendell Phillips, George Sumner, Clarence Stedman, and many others as well known. Miss Perry is no less successful as a prose-writer than as a poet. She is in magnetic touch with all life, and writes equally well for her large girl-audiences and those of riper years. The personality which charms without effort and delights with its sweet cordiality is felt throughout all her writings. Myriads have touched hearts with her who never touched hands, and in every quarter of our land thousands of unknown lovers and admirers do her homage.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

Perhaps no written things were ever more like their author than are those produced by Sarah Orne Jewett. Something in Miss Jewett's personality, like the tone of her writings, reminds one of the refreshing things of life; of cool mosses in shady places, of arbutus under its leaves, of ferns fresh and graceful, which lean over brooks of amber water, of spring showers on tender new grass. Miss Jewett shines with a halo rather than a ray. It was reserved for her to set forth the fascinations of every-day living, to paint with a gently-used but accurately delineating brush the beauty of the things which life's quick travelers pass unheeded by, because their loveliness is as common as sunshine, as familiar as the clouds. Never a summer comes, with its glare upon the pavements and its breathless heat and weariness, that one does not long to steal away to just such a place as "Deephaven," with its old-fashioned inside and outside roominess, its clean, wide spaces, where nothing happened, but whose story, told by one whose tales do not need happenings to make them interesting, is one of the most fair, serene and enjoyable things in all American literature. Miss Jewett is one of the many writers whose birthplace is the Pine Tree State. Her summer home is in the old family mansion where she was born, in South Berwick, Me. Her winters are passed with Mrs. James T. Fields, whose home is on Charles Street, Boston. Miss Jewett's literary productions are not the only—perhaps, admirable as they are, not the best—things which distinguish her. Her thoughtful unselfishness, her care for others, her responsive sympathies, her unconventional quickness in meeting all needs, not only of her friends, but of strangers, make her loved as the woman even more than admired as the author. Miss Jewett is tall and graceful, with heavy dark hair, and soft, dark-brown eyes. Her manner is a mingling of cordiality and sweetness. Like that of Annie Laurie, "her voice is low and sweet."

THE HOME OF MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS.

It must surely be accounted no small privilege to dwell for a considerable part of the year in the home of Mrs. James T. Fields. Longfellow speaks of all houses where men have lived and died as haunted houses. However, few have died—alas! that its master should have been one of the few!—many have lived, in this genius-haunted place; lived in the truest sense of the word, weeks, days, hours so filled with intellectual strength, so brimming over and shot through with the heart's burning aspirations and the brain's fairest emanations, that its atmosphere can but be surcharged with an electricity of divine madness. Mr. Fields, in his delightful work, "Yesterdays with Authors," could speak with authority; for his magnetic properties, combined with his business as a noted publisher, attracted to him rare driftwood from the great ocean of literature. Among the personal friends which he made in his several visits to Europe were Tennyson, Wordsworth, Landor, Leigh Hunt, the Brownings, Mrs. Jameson, John Kenyon, Barry Cornwall, Miss Mitford, Thackeray, Charles Reade, Dickens, George Eliot, De Quincy, Wilkie Collins, and others equally well known. Among the English authors who visited him in his Boston home were Dickens, Thackeray and Matthew Arnold. Emerson was a frequent visitor in this home, and in one of its rooms produced his poem entitled, "Voluntaries." Its parlors have been for more than a quarter of a century the rendezvous for all noted people resident in or visiting Boston.

THE HOME OF MRS. EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

Another home where, in the golden days of the past, the giants of the intellect spread their feasts and the gods came down and supped with them, is that of Mrs. Whipple, widow of the noted author and critic, Edwin P. Whipple. Among the vanished lights whose radiance lit up the Whipple drawing-rooms were James Freeman Clarke, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Edwin Booth, Dr. Bartol, Emerson, the Alcotts and Dr. Howe. Mrs. Whipple, a serene, stately and exquisite gentlewoman, is now a partial invalid, and sees but little of society.

COMPENSATION.

"I should think bicycle-riding would contract the chest," said Dawson.

"It does," said Smithers; "but see what fine, full, rounded shoulders you get."

Mrs. Filkins—"Why isn't Mr. Brobson fonder of his wife?"

Filkins—"It's owing to his fine sense of honor."

Mrs. Filkins—"Honor! What do you mean?"

Filkins—"Simply that he is a very warm friend of her husband."

Headache caused by worry or stomach
Trouble speedily cured by Bromo-Seltzer.



EDWIN FORREST HOME FOR ACTORS.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY AT THE FORREST HOME.

AN event which has now become an annual feature of increasing interest in the theatrical world occurred at Philadelphia, upon April 24, the natal anniversary of the great master of the histrionic art.

The Edwin Forrest Home for Actors and Actresses is situated upon the Bristol turnpike, just south of Holmesburg, one of the most beautiful of Philadelphia's suburbs, and, as the country residence of the famous tragedian, was known as "Springbrook."

It may be seen by the traveler approaching the city via the Pennsylvania Railroad from New York, to the right of the train. It is a roomy, dignified, old-time man-

much that gilds this life with refined pleasure, to accept its shelter, even though they were, in many instances, sorely in need of help. When, however, its congenial influences and healthful surroundings became better understood, it grew in favor, and now contains a considerable gathering of beneficiaries, embracing numbers whose names once filled the theatres with eager audiences.

Mrs. Rachel Cantor, now eighty-four years old, once a celebrated dancer who set the swells of London wild at the old Garrick Theatre; Mr. Charles J. Fyffe, a native of New Orleans, who was leading man for Forrest during the last year of his stage life; Mrs. Harriet De Bar, widow of Ben De Bar; Mrs. Jane English, the mother of the two Westerns, Helen and Lucile; George Parkes, once of Daly's company; Madame Amelia Serjes, a distinguished actress of the German school; Henry L. Bascomb, who used to delight the frequenters of the old Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, during its palmiest days, and whose picture may be seen in Jefferson's book of the stage; Frederick Chippendale, long a favorite at the Arch Street Theatre, and whose grandfather was one of the stars at "Old Drury"; J. Alfred Smith, of the Boston Museum; Mrs. Effie A. Wilde; Miss Elizabeth Andrews, and Simcoe Lee—these are a few of the present occupants, and the favored visitor of Thespian tastes, who may spend an hour or so in this charming nook, in such company, will glean traditions and gossip of the stage of days long gone well worth the listening.

Last season the participants in the entertainment at the Forrest Home upon Shakespeare's birthday included



EDWIN FORREST, FROM A PORTRAIT MADE IN 1857.

sion, set upon the verge of the rising ground, surrounded by broad lawns and shaded by great trees.

"Springbrook" was dedicated to its present purposes by its owner as a home for those of his fellow-professionals of either sex who have vainly breasted the vicis-



A CORNER OF FORREST'S LIBRARY.



A CORNER OF HALLWAY, FORREST HOME.

Augustin Daly, as manager; Miss Ada Rehan, Miss Catherine Lewis, Miss Isabel Irving, Miss Olive Perry, Miss Adelaide Detchon, William Gilbert, George Clarke, Lloyd Daubigny, William T. Carleton, Miss Marion Manola and Jack Mason.

This season, Mr. J. Fred Zimmerman, the energetic Philadelphia manager, assumed, as usual, by common consent, the arduous labor of arranging the details of this unique gathering. The number of invitations was limited to five hundred, and were much sought after. A large tent was set up and provided with all needed stage accessories, as the limited accommodations of the mansion were inadequate to the occasion.

PLAYING CARDS.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

situdes of life, and it nobly serves the purpose of its donor. Under the conditions of his will, those entitled to admission must have served at least five years in the theatrical profession, if natives of this country, or ten years, if of foreign birth.

It was opened for the reception of inmates in 1873, under the control of a board of managers, composed of well-known citizens in full sympathy with its objects.

For a time it seemed difficult to induce the worthy veterans of the stage, to whom we are indebted for so



WHITE HYACINTH.

HITE Hyacinth!
Thou comest a friend;
To my plaint lend
Thy delicate ear;
With sympathy hear,
White Hyacinth!

White Hyacinth!
Still through the night
Jack Frost fleeth white;
Still 'gainst the pane
Slants the fierce rain,
White Hyacinth!

A child thou art
Of the gay sunshine;
Thou and thy line
Herald the Spring-tide,
Decked as a bride
With thee and the sunshine,
Whose child thou art.

Delicate art thou,
Yet bravely thou darest,
Bravely thou bearest
The wind's bitter taunting,
Cold thee not daunting;
Delicate art thou!

Fair little page!
Bear thou this message,
Hasten her passage—
She, with her lovely band—
From the far fairyland,
Fair little page!

—CARRIE STERN.

JESSE SELIGMAN.

AFTER three days' illness, Jesse Seligman, of the New York banking firm of J. & W. Seligman, died, at San Diego, Cal., April 23. The long trip across the continent in search of a place to recuperate his failing energies weakened the sufferer greatly, though several stops were made en route; and upon his arrival at the Coronado



THE LATE JESSE SELIGMAN.

Hotel, in San Diego, he immediately began to sink. Besides his large monetary interests in the metropolis, Mr. Seligman was the power behind the Anglo-Californian Bank of San Francisco, and was a large property owner on the coast.

Jesse Seligman's name will always be associated with the history of this country, because it was owing to his foresight and ability that the United States was first able to place its bonds in Europe. He was born in Baidersdorf, Bavaria, in 1825. He came to New

York, July 4, 1841. He commenced life as a peddler on very small capital. When he had saved one thousand dollars, he went, with his brother, Joseph, to Selma, Ala., and opened a general store. Jesse came North in 1848, and opened a clothing store in Church Street, this city. In 1849 the discovery of gold in California attracted the young merchant, and he settled in San Francisco, in the clothing business, in the only brick store in the town. He stuck to clothing, however, and let the "placer" gold-mining fever run its course. In the end he had a substantial fortune, and saw many of the "Forty-niners" start back East penniless.

While on the coast he became a member of the famous Committee of Twenty-one to nominate and elect candidates who would give good government in those wild days out there.

In 1854 he went to Munich, Bavaria, where he married Miss Henrietta Hillmann, and returned with his bride to California. In 1857 he joined his brothers, Joseph and James, in the clothing business in this city. When the Civil War broke out, in 1861, the Seligmans, owing to their foresight and careful business methods, found themselves with comparatively few unpaid bills against Southern clothing firms, bills from the non-payment of which other New York houses suffered so severely. Throughout the war the Seligmans did an extensive business with the Government in army clothing. In 1865 they gave up clothing and went into the banking business, at 21 Broad Street, this city, with all the eight Seligman brothers as members of the firm. Branch houses were established in Europe, South America and the West Indies. From the time of the organization of the firm Jesse Seligman took an active part in the financial schemes of the Government. When Secretary Sherman's four per cent refunding scheme was carried out, in 1879, Seligman Brothers took \$20,000,000 of the \$150,000,000 of the bonds put upon the market.

The small portrait of the deceased banker will show clearly what a strong facial resemblance he bore to one of the most distinguished and able of the famous Rothschild family. Examine closely the features of the two great financiers, and you will remark the extraordinary similarity in the conformation of the heads and the expression of the faces.

The Seligmans were at the head of the syndicate that placed the shares of De Lesseps's Panama Canal Company in America. Jesse Seligman was among the first of the capitalists who favored a canal across the isthmus. After the death of Joseph Seligman, in 1880, he became the head



BARON LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD.

of the firm. As a banker, he was connected with many of the Southern and transcontinental railroads. The extent of his fortune is variously estimated, but it is many millions.

He was a conscientious Hebrew, and a prime mover in charitable organizations among his own people. His reputation among his associates in Wall Street is unblemished. He never put his hand to any undertaking that was doubtful or shady or dangerous. He amassed an enormous fortune as a banker, and in the negotiations by which our National Debt has been handled by successive Secretaries of the Treasury. By all those who believe in the payment of that debt, and its refunding during all these years, his name must be ever held in grateful remembrance.

NELSON JARVIS WATERBURY.

THE former law partner of Samuel J. Tilden, ex-Judge Nelson Jarvis Waterbury, died, at his home in this city, April 22. He was born in this city in July, 1819. He was left fatherless at the age of nine years, and was, in the main, self-educated. He early became managing clerk for the law firm of Wells & Van Wagenen. In 1842 he and Samuel J. Tilden, who had studied law in the same building with him, formed the famous law firm of Tilden & Waterbury.

His most important public position was that of Judge Advocate-General of the State of New York, to which he was appointed by Governor Seymour. While holding this position he had the historic correspondence with President Lincoln concerning the Draft Riots in New York City, in 1863. While he was District Attorney in this city—an office to which he was elected in 1858—he tried some famous murder cases, one of which was that of the sanctimonious hypocrite, Stevens, who was convicted of murdering his wife. Another was that of a wild fellow named Jeffert, who murdered his step-father because he was opposed to his mother's re-marriage.

Mr. Waterbury was a descendant of the famous Bishop Waterbury, of the Protestant Episcopal Dio-



THE LATE NELSON J. WATERBURY.

cese of Connecticut. He was not a member of any club. After the conviction of Tweed he became a strong anti-Tammany man, and could not agree with John Kelly. In 1889 he returned to Tammany Hall. He was a warm friend of Richard Croker, and was wont to say that Mayor Gilroy is the best Chief Executive New York ever had. His long and busy career in the legal profession was marked by many stormy scenes; but the evening of his life was spent quietly and religiously. The funeral services were held at St. Thomas's Protestant Episcopal Church, Fifty-third Street and Fifth Avenue. The rector, Dr. J. W. Brown, officiated.

VERDI'S TRIUMPH.

MOST men have a distinct feeling that, should they ever reach the age of fourscore years, life, in its active and joyful sense, would be over for them, and their only portion be a passive existence, a burden to themselves and others. It is, therefore, generally comforting and rejuvenating to be confronted with the spectacle of an octogenarian in robust health offering the world a work of art just completed, and of such fine quality as to set all Europe ringing with its praise. Giuseppe Verdi, the famous Italian composer, whose well-known operas, "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Aida," and others, have made his name beloved of music worshippers during the last half of the nineteenth century, has now, in his eighty-first year, produced a new comic opera entitled, "Falstaff," over which Paris has fairly gone crazy. The first representation of the opera was given in the Scala, at Milan. It was a complete triumph; Verdi was called out after every scene; Boito, the librettist, coming in for his share of adulation at the close. At the Opera Comique, Paris, the triumph was repeated.

Verdi is now the hero of the hour; people push and strive to catch a glimpse of his face, to touch his hand or his garments.

It is undoubtedly a beautiful spectacle, the man, Verdi, being, in every respect, worthy of the artist. He is kind and good, of noble presence, graceful manners, beloved by his family and esteemed by his countrymen.

Besides being a musician, he is also a farmer, and

also a Senator. Unique combination that, delightfully suggestive of an ideal type of citizen, who not only tills the ground and makes laws, but likewise ministers to the lighter and more refined needs of his countrymen by giving them sweet music for idle hours.

Signor Verdi, at eighty-one, is a fresh-colored, active, hearty man, and, from present appearances, there seems every likelihood of his being enabled to add still more laurels to those with which he is already heavily crowned.—(See first page.)

SAVE THE OLD TAVERN.

A PATRIOTIC movement on the part of the Daughters of the American Revolution has been inspired by the proposition of some city vandals to tear down the historic old building known as Fraunces' Tavern, situated on the corner of Broad and Pearl Streets. An inscription on a tablet outside the building yields the following information to the curious visitor:

FRAUNCES' TAVERN.

TO THIS BUILDING GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON CAME, EVACUATION DAY, NOVEMBER, 25 1783, AND ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, FOLLOWING, HERE TOOK LEAVE OF THE PRINCIPAL OFFICERS OF THE ARMY YET IN SERVICE.

In the long room of this famous old tavern the City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution recently celebrated their third anniversary. The history and eulogies of the venerable structure formed the subject of several interesting papers, read by prominent members. Mrs. Fay Pierce presented a Plan of Rescue for Fraunces' Tavern, which was that the city authorities should be urged to buy the block on which it stands, remove the other buildings and restore the tavern to its original condition. It could then be used as a museum for colonial and Revolutionary relics. The proposal was enthusiastically received, brief speeches in support of the measure being made by several ladies and gentlemen present. If the idea can be carried out, it will most assuredly be with the approval of the majority of the citizens of New York.—(See page 5.)

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

AN AUTOMATIC EXTINGUISHER.

PERSONS who are in the habit of reading in bed by the light of a candle, and who occasionally fall asleep without extinguishing the light, may be glad to know of a simple device which will perform that work automatically, insuring the safety of the sleeper, economizing the candle, and obviating the unpleasant odor of an expiring wick. The apparatus is constructed out of a walnut shell, an elastic band and a hairpin.

Bend the hairpin into the shape indicated in the cut. Pierce two holes in the pointed end of the nut-shell, close to the edge. This may be done easily by means of a wire heated red-hot. Pass the elastic band through these holes and secure the ends on the outside with little splints or match ends. Slip the head of the hairpin under the double elastic band on the inside of the shell, and tighten by turning the match-ends round as many times as necessary, until the pin, when left to itself, is drawn down into the shell. When you wish to use the apparatus, turn the hairpin downward from the shell and place it on the candle, which it will grip like a pair of tongs. The shell should be in a horizontal position, with its point slightly imbedded in the candle, at a greater or less distance from the top, according to the time it is proposed to read. When the moment for extinction arrives, the edge of the candle is on a level with the edge of the shell; the point of the shell, finding no more support from the wax, which is melting, and the elastic band, being stretched by the heat, the shell bounds up and caps the light as neatly as the best of extinguishers.



Sarah—"She's worth a million, and just the right age for you."
Jerry—"Any girl worth a million is the right age for me."

GOOD-NIGHT.

FANNIE ISABEL SHERRICK.

"Good-night," the star-worlds seem to say
As they go speeding on,
"Be thy rest sweet, be thy heart stilled
Until the wintry dawn."
"Good-night," the snow-worn mountains cry
As they rise stern and bold,
"Sleep on, while we, night's sentinels,
The world in shadow fold."
"Good-night," the frosted leaflets sigh,
"Good-night and happy dreams,
Without, the frost-king holds his court
Until the morning beams."
"Good-night," the dark pines, straight and tall,
Their long arms outward swing,
While underneath, in loneliness,
A snowbird folds her wing.
"Good-night," the pale moon smiles and nods—
She is the last to go—
"Good-night," and all the earth is hushed
To sleep beneath the snow,
"Good-night!" In this still world of dreams
My soul hath wings unseen,
And speeds to thee, my love, my own,
No time nor space between.



MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE ADDRESSING A PARLOR FEMALE SUFFRAGE MEETING.

(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by C. J. BUDD.)

The Ways of the Book Trust Are Found Out.

The Greatest Literary Enterprise of this Century is still in the Arena, Not a Bit Disfigured.

THE future of ONCE A WEEK and ONCE A WEEK SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY subscriptions grows brighter and brighter with every issue. Within the last few months we have secured novels by authors at home and abroad whose standing and reputation are world-wide. Recently we have added a new copyrighted novel by Rider Haggard. This novel cannot be bought anywhere in the United States, complete, until after it is published in the Library. Our subscribers will get it for about ten cents. After they have read it, other people will pay one dollar a copy for it in the book-stores. We can successfully challenge the world of publishers to duplicate this feat of publication. A novel for which we pay the author six thousand dollars is published by us and placed in the hands of subscribers in every State and Territory of the Union for ten cents.

It is useless to look elsewhere for anything like this. We are in the field of popular literary distribution as the pioneer publisher on that plan. During ten years of untiring work a system of organization has been established here that no amount of capital can rival.

IT TAKES TIME

to do such things as this. The high-priced book publishers will never catch up to ONCE A WEEK publications now. They allowed us too many years the start of them. The great reading public in the United States have been apprised of what they can get for their money on our plan, and where to get it, and how to get it on their own terms.

But, as we said, the future grows brighter and brighter. The new novel by Haggard will be entitled "People of the Mist." During 1894 we will publish three or four other of Haggard's novels, any one of which is regularly sold for one dollar. For these four or five novels the reader would have to pay four to five dollars in book-stores. You know what they will cost in the Library? A mere matter of forty to fifty cents.

More of Ossip Schubin's novels will follow. That versatile writer will give our patrons some rare society novels, and one most deliciously

FULL OF REAL, GENUINE FUN.

"Broken Wings" and "Chords and Discords" were the highest tragedies. The next Schubin novels will be the most original, quaint and entertaining comedy and satire on social fads, follies and shams. Then we will have a wonderfully clever novel on modern life in Ireland, "The Merchant of Killogue." Besides that, Mr. Gilbert Parker will give us a novel about life and scenes in the unknown and lonely Canadian Northwest. Both of these last-named novels will be literary sensations. Every intelligent reader will be interested in an inside picture of Irish life in these latter days. And no lover of Nature, and of the quaint and picturesque in literature, can afford to miss Mr. Parker's most remarkable production.

THIS IS A PLAIN BUSINESS STATEMENT

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Business is business. It is wicked and senseless to waste money. Now, go to the nearest book-store or news-stand and examine any first-class novel; say one of H. Rider Haggard's copyrighted stories. You will find no better typography—likely not as good—as we do in the Library. The price of that book, at book-store or news-stand, is fifty cents to one dollar. By subscribing to the Library, you will get Haggard's "Nada, the Lily" for less than ten cents, complete. Not only that, Mr. Haggard has just written a new novel. You will not be able to get that anywhere in this country, complete, until

AFTER IT IS PUBLISHED IN THE LIBRARY.

From us you will get that new novel—it is entitled "The People of the Mist"—for ten cents. After a while, you will pay one dollar for it, after everybody else has read it. Mr. Haggard has done us the honor to select the Library as the medium through which he will introduce it to the American public.

Well, do you read novels—good novels? If you do, here is your plan. Of course, you do not care to go out of your way to buy bargain-counter novels, printed on wrapping-paper and musty with the

FRAGRANCE OF MANY SHELVES.

But suppose you did buy one of those old novels. You cannot buy any of them for less than ten cents—the poorest of them; and the best of them are poor enough. When you pay ten cents for a Library novel, you get a clean, new book right off the press. You get the best novels of the day. You have not read them before. They contain more and better reading matter than any fifty-cent book sold by any other publisher.

THE TRAIL OF THE TRUST.

OUR readers will remember that an attempt was made, last week, to rate Libraries as third-class mail matter. In anticipation of the action of the Senate, the proprietor of this journal addressed the following, among other arguments, to Hon. David B. Hill, United States Senator from New York, in support of the Libraries' right to go through the mail as periodicals at second-class rates:

The ONCE A WEEK SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY is circulated in every State and Territory of the Union, and is, at present, one of the very extensive sources of supply of new and original fiction to the great middle-class of readers, being mostly people of moderate means owning their own homes. It is a well-recognized fact that the International Copyright Law, of July 1, 1891, was a serious blow to the circulation of first-class fiction among our people, and now an additional blow is threatened to that worthy enterprise. The proposed imposition of eight cents a pound postage on "Libraries" will benefit nobody but the book trust, and will make it next to impossible to supply people of moderate means with any of the new, high-class fiction of the day.

On grounds of public policy, I submit there is no reason why this change should be made. I found myself confronted, in July, 1891, with the necessity of negotiating with foreign authors for their new novels, or else continue to publish old fiction. I accepted the former alternative; am now doing so; have paid out thousands of dollars for copyrights and rights to publish, and am at present bound to pay on many written contracts for other novels, foreign and domestic. Having accepted the situation superinduced by the International Copyright Law, I found that it was possible to give to American readers first-class new fiction, and they are getting it in ONCE A WEEK SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY. Now, the alleged "legitimate" publishers find that the people are buying novels too cheap—new, first-class, original novels, at that. They find that the "Libraries," on the subscription plan, are paying both foreign and domestic authors

STATED SUMS OF MONEY FOR THEIR NOVELS;

and, at the same time, the alleged "superior" authors at home and abroad find that the percentage plan of the "regular" trade is growing more and more unsatisfactory every day.

Whose fault is this? Why should any publisher take the works of an author—unless, of course, the latter prefers that plan—get all the profit out of the work of publication that he sees fit to dictate or extort, and then begin paying the author? I submit that this is a vital point in the evolution of a healthy native literature. Whether authors are to be well paid or not, let them at least be paid; let them not be compelled to beg alms from the "regular" trade. As it is, the situation is improving in this respect. That large class of respectable story-writers of talent and industry in this country who cannot get into the "regular" trade are now being accorded something like justice.

These story-writers are a very worthy class. They write for plain people without isms or society fads. Their stories are, as a rule, clean, healthy, and

FILLED WITH AMERICAN TONE AND COLORING.

It is well known that they would have no chance at present, were it not for the Libraries and the Syndicates—both of which mediums of communication—but especially the former—depend for their very close profits upon their present second-class rating in the mails.

In proof of the statement that one-half of the good fiction now read by the American people will not be read by them under the proposed change in postage rates for "Libraries," I submit a few figures: In the case of ONCE A WEEK SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY, this is the plan: For \$6.50 a year, the subscriber receives—

(1) Any one of a list of Standard Works—say George Eliot, complete, bound in cloth; (2) ONCE A WEEK illustrated newspaper, one year, 52 numbers; (3) The Semi-Monthly Library, 26 new, high-class, copyrighted novels, averaging 288 pages each. This \$6.50 is payable, \$1 down, and 50 cents a month thereafter. It is needless to say that these terms reach tens of thousands of homes that would not otherwise be supplied. I have an unusually large subscription list, attracted by the price and the liberal terms of payment. Net profits on each individual subscription are fractional. We estimate each number of the Library at ten (10) cents in the subscription. Each number weighs about one-half pound. At the proposed rate, eight (8) cents a pound, the postage will be four (4) cents—or \$1.04 per year, against thirteen cents a year paid now—a difference of 91 cents on the total subscription. This is a great deal more than the total profit. Our present plan would have to be ABANDONED ALTOGETHER. The standard works now furnished to patrons would be sacrificed along with the rest. I estimate that this Publishing House and the other houses publishing Libraries reach fully one-half of the novel-readers of this country, and that our class of publications—page for page of reading matter, and all good literary wares—represent more than three-fourths of all the fiction read in this country. Our Library alone has reached as high as 200,000 yearly subscribers—about 1,000,000 readers. Saying nothing of the injustice to publishers who are issuing these Libraries at stated intervals, as periodicals, and saying nothing of my own position in issuing these novels but once in the Library, and not afterward pushing the sale of them at all, why should the people be cut off from this source of pleasant and profitable reading, or be compelled to pay one dollar a year more for it, under the postal laws of the United States?

IT IS NOT THREE YEARS YET

since the people were compelled to contribute to the failing exchequer of the book trust, under the plea of justice to foreign authors in the International Copy-

right Law. There can be no such plea now. Neither is the book-trust seeking justice, or even favors, for itself. If that is what it wants, why does it not ask for a reduction in book postage?

There can be no question that the probable result of the present move would be to shut off the competition in first-class, new, copyrighted fiction that has been inaugurated since July, 1891, by this and other Publishing Houses issuing Libraries. People have the right to buy paper-covered editions of first-class fiction. If anything can be done to lower book postage so the people can buy cloth-bound books cheaper, let it be done. But to raise the postage, which the people must pay, on cheap books of merit, is against the tendency of

MODERN ENLIGHTENED LEGISLATION,

which is, to make the postal service as far as possible a means of enlightenment.

Let me submit a very pertinent and practical illustration of all this. Before the International Copyright Law, Haggard's novels could be bought for six to ten cents a copy, in paper covers. From the regular trade we must pay now one dollar a copy for any of his new copyrighted novels. I have just concluded a contract for a new novel by Mr. Haggard, soon to be published. My subscribers will get that novel for ten cents, and its publication in the Semi-Monthly Library will be its first appearance, complete, in paper covers or otherwise, in this country. Why should not the mechanic or his wife or son or daughter get that novel for ten cents, if the provider has ordered a year's good reading ahead for his family, instead of going to the book-store and paying a dollar for it? Why should the

POSTAL LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES

be so changed as to give the book-store the monopoly? Mr. Haggard himself recognized the fact, as we presented it on the occasion of our negotiations, that we had a "public" here (distinct from the book-store public) that want good fiction, and can appreciate it. Will the Congress of the United States disregard the literary needs of this great public? I am sure the Congress will not do so!

The amount paid for postage in this office last week was \$426; under the proposed legislation it would be \$3,408—a difference of \$75,000 to \$76,000 a year. Counting loss of new business and on existing contracts, my loss could not be less than \$150,000 to \$200,000.

LOOK AT THE VALUE YOU RECEIVE.

Premium (at a bargain), for these are all new, well-bound books, mark you . \$4.00
Semi-Monthly Library one year, 26 New Novels of 288 pages each 5.20
"Once a Week" 4.00

\$13.20

All for \$6.50; payable \$1.00 on delivery of Premium, balance at rate of 50 cents per month.

TERMS:

ONCE A WEEK, one year, twenty-six bound volumes of New Novels and Premium \$6.50
In Canada, British Columbia and Manitoba (including freight and duty on Premium Books) exclusive of the Semi-Monthly Library, 6.00

TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT.

WHAT you and I had better do, after this very unsatisfactory winter moping around home here, is to go down, or up, to Virginia and West Virginia, and have a real, bona-fide outing. I think I can find that old sportsman. He is not so old but he has full knowledge of all the new-fangled fishing-tackle and shooting-irons that we use nowadays. He knows all about Virginia and West Virginia. The hills and gorges and defiles are filled with game this year more than ever before. So I hear. Partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are so plenty that they are running and flying all over one another in the narrow passes. Then, if we want real, live sport, we can go back thirty or forty miles from the railroad track and hunt deer and b'ar.

But we must keep out of trouble with the game laws. Every true sportsman does that, of course; not for fear of the law, but on the ground that game is entitled to a chance to increase and multiply on the face of the earth, same as—well—never mind that. What I was going to say is that I have precise directions about all that, in Virginia and West Virginia. My friend, Charles O. Scull, chief of the Passenger Department of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Md., has just sent me a neat little leaflet telling how to get there—all about the close seasons for game and fish. Write and tell him that you want one—that you feel run down, aching for a sight at something, want to see how the fish bite down there. Mr. Scull will see you get one.

But, wait! I forgot about the fish. The South Branch of the Potomac has the best black bass in America, and they bite harder than Hamlet's shrewd and nipping air. The Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela are all great fishing streams. And they are all convenient to Baltimore and Ohio Railroad stations—some of them right there; guides waiting for a job at one dollar and a half a day, and "found." Write Mr. Scull. It is time to think about it.

WHAT TO WEAR.

HERE is a delicious hint of greenness about the trees in the city parks and squares, which, with the brilliant sunshine and balmy atmosphere and the merry processions of newly dressed people, make walking in these favored places quite the most delightful pastime of the hour. It is so much more interesting to study clothes on pretty women in the open air than across a counter, or in the uncertain light of a show-room. Though there is the usual variety in the matter of spring gowns and millinery, there is a notable predominance of tailor-made gowns, which, as I foretold, will continue to be very much worn by the best-dressed women. I notice that navy blue is no longer in favor for serge or cloth dresses, but is supplanted by brighter shades, such as Baltic blue and Mediterranean blue, and these are almost invariably trimmed with black moire. Tweeds, in small checks, look very well, and covert cloth, in brown, fawn and black, is signed with the seal of the highest fashion. Shirts are white, striped and dotted, with stand-up collars, and waistcoats are of vesting or moire. White pique waistcoats will be much worn in the warm weather, and are remarkably cheap. I saw some pretty ones for two dollars at Arnold & Constable's; heavier ones cost seven dollars.

worthy of imitation. The Valérie bonnet is of pink nutmeg straw, cunningly twirled and twisted to form the quaint crown; a large and important black satin bow sits in the front place, supported on either side by a pair of jet pins, which mount guard over two little bunches of sable violets and a couple of lace rosettes. The wellnigh indispensable toque, in its latest form, is well represented by the one illustrated. The crown is of black straw, the brim of pink roses; these are veiled with a scarf of ancient-looking lace, and a velvet Alsatian bow completes the structure. The turban is a



more simple style of headgear, and might be readily copied by an amateur, at a very moderate cost. The trimming consists merely of satin ribbon and a quill, with a bow of contrasting color under the brim. These turbans are shown in fancy chip and coarse straw, and are natty and becoming little hats, exactly suited to the change of seasons.

A very smart walking, or, rather, visiting costume, is here pictured. The material used is rich corded blue silk. The skirt is very full at the back, yet absolutely plain and tight-fitting round the hips. The huge sleeves are fastened at the elbow with bands of black satin, buttoned with large Dresden china buttons to correspond with those which appear on the deep, unwrinkled sash of black



For summer wear the shops are showing an endless variety of silks, muslins, crepons, silk gingham and ordinary gingham at prices to suit any purse. A most economical plan is to buy two pretty remnants that will make a good combination. A great many of the new dress designs demand two colors, and already some wary shoppers have taken advantage of the fact and secured materials for summer gowns at the lowest prices. Lace is extensively used for trimming, and ribbon bows are on everything. The handsomest laces are very expensive, but some fairly good ones are to be had quite cheap. The cream and dust-colored insertions, which may enter into almost any kind of a costume, are to be had for as low as ten and twenty cents a yard, according to width.



The new silk petticoats are very dainty and desirable possessions. Only those of the best quality are worth buying, as cheaper ones go into rags and tatters in an incredibly short time. They are good at from ten dollars upward. Those shown on this page are of plain and shot silk, and one of rich brocade silk, trimmed with frills, lace and baby ribbon.

I have selected three samples of fashionable millinery which appeared to me well



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satin which encircles the waist. A cravat of filmy ivory lace, and a quantity arranged sash of wide chine ribbon complete this very pretty gown. The blouse,



in suran or merveilleux, black, navy, or light blue, trimmed with black or beige guipure insertion, is one which I particularly recommend to all my readers. It looks very chic inside an open coat, and in the dark colors, relieved with string-colored insertion, is wonderfully serviceable and becoming. It is one of the few styles that has not been vulgarized by cheap imitations. I have seen blouses of this style only on the best-dressed women in New York.

I admired the cape sketched on this page, and am sure you will, too. The style explains itself. The stole ends are a novelty, very graceful on a tall wearer, and admirably calculated to conceal any defects of the figure. A dainty tea-gown is of handsome brocade and silk gauze, the former entering into the overdress and sleeves, while the draped under-gown and tight-gathered sleeves are of gauze. The under-gown may, if preferred, be left flowing instead of fitting to the figure. This design, copied in more serviceable materials would make a charming house-gown for a semi-invalid.

A friend just returned from Paris has given me two "wrinkles" about the latest novelties in feminine apparel. Thick white lace veils, she tells me, are much worn, as also veils of black tulle, powdered thickly with spots as large as a shilling, worn in baggy fashion, brought below the chin. I would not, however, counsel the wearing of such veils, unless it was decreed by fashion at this side, as the effect of a solitary instance would be rather startling. Chatelaines, it appears, are again quite the rage, and all

sorts of odd little charms for the watch-chain—breloques, as the French call them—are shown by leading jewelers. They are about the size of a sixpence, of gold, silver or platinum, enameled with some pretty device. Heart-shaped ones are



very popular, and some young ladies pride themselves on the number they have acquired. They are very significant trophies, of course, and are always supposed to have been offered up at the shrine of beauty by devoted admirers.

I fancy many of my readers will be grateful for the suggestion of a corner wardrobe conveyed in the accompanying illustration. It is designed to supply a ready and convenient, as well as presentable, recess in which dresses and other clothes can be suspended, out of the way of dust, and exposed to no sort of risk. The top is covered, and the interior is well provided with hooks. A curtain is hung across the front, giving it quite an ornamental appearance.

I have received a number of letters from subscribers asking for suggestions as to suitable gowns, etc., for special occasions. I am always pleased to hear from my readers, and to help them, if possible; but, for want of time, am unable, unless in exceptional cases, to attend to private correspondence. I will, therefore, ask those who wish to consult me to send a pseudonym with their letters, and I can then reply to their ques-



A CORNER WARDROBE

tions in my regular weekly chat in ONCE A WEEK. I am very grateful for the kind expressions of appreciation of my efforts conveyed in these letters, and shall always endeavor to make my fashion-paper as helpful as possible to all classes of readers.

Gwendolen Gay

COLORED LAMPSHADES DANGEROUS.

How all good things are abused! Every one likes the soft glow and generally soothing and artistic effect of the now nearly ubiquitous silk lampshade. But the rosy and mellow radiance it diffuses, though simply perfect in an æsthetic sense, is undeniably defective from a utilitarian point of view. To read or work by the light of such a lamp is to court positive destruction of the sight;

yet rather than destroy the harmonious effect of a drawing-room or sitting-room lit with shaded lamps by introducing into it the unmitigated glare of an ordinary lamp or gas-jet, many women persist in straining their eyesight to read or do needlework in the poetic half-light afforded by the silk-shade. Oculists aver that the result is already noticeable in the increasing prevalence of short-sight and the growing demand for glasses. Some women solve the problem by giving up their books and work altogether, and it is whispered that, as an escape from sheer idleness, the naughty cigarette is then called into requisition. Query: Which is the more satisfying spectacle, that of a girl sitting in a rose-light, puffing smoke through lips and nostrils, or the same damsel under the broad illumination of an unshaded lamp, with a good book or a dainty bit of needlework in her pretty hands?



BY "A BLUE APRON."

COLD CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Grate two ounces of Huyler's chocolate to a powder, and mix in a bowl with two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, to a smooth paste. Dissolve four large lumps of loaf-sugar in one pint of boiling milk; add half a teaspoonful of vanilla essence. Beat four eggs thoroughly, stir in gradually to the chocolate paste, then add—stirring one way all the time—the boiling milk. Pour into a buttered mold, cover with a buttered paper, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour; when cold, turn out on a deep dish, and serve, surrounded with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

MARMALADE PUDDING.—Prepare the following ingredients: the weight of two eggs in sugar and butter, and three-quarters their weight in flour; a small half-teaspoonful carbonate of soda, three heaped teaspoonfuls orange marmalade, two eggs.

Beat the butter to a cream, add, by degrees, the sugar, marmalade, eggs—lightly beaten—and lastly, the flour and soda, mixed; beat the whole thoroughly, turn into a buttered mold, and boil one hour and a half. Turn out on a hot dish and serve, surrounded with sweet arrow-root sauce, flavored with rum.

"ENTHRALLED," by Mr. Edgar Saltus, is a story of emotional life, setting forth the circumstances in the curious case of a New York heiress, an English lord, and of a third person, who will be found to be one of the most surprising characters in fiction. The plot, which is a signal refutation of the adage that there is nothing original under the sun, turns on an anomaly—a situation physically possible, intensely dramatic, and yet absolutely new.

Read it, and when you have, put it away; don't give it away, for you will want to read it again.



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WILY TIPPLERS.

NOTHING better illustrates the power of alcohol over its victim than the stratagems to which the latter will resort to obtain it under restrictive circumstances. For instance, the present Chronic Insane Asylum at Binghamton, in this State, was originally a Chronic Inebriate Asylum. Under its former régime a friend of the present writer was an inmate for about a year. He was a young man of good parts, a member of an old aristocratic family; but the demon of strong drink had fastened itself upon him, and he was sent, with his own approval, to this whilom luxurious refuge for incurable drunkards. The system there did not restrain his convivial tastes nor relieve his appetite for liquor. On the contrary, he lived in misery without his regular potations, and

Do You Have Asthma?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery that they are sending out free, by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

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finally it became unendurable to him. His wits became actively engaged in the scheme of smuggling some liquor into the institution right under the argus eyes of the authorities. He soon hit upon a device, and on one of the days when he was allowed to visit the city, he went to a tin shop and there ordered a hollow tin tube, to be so made as to resemble a cane. When this was finished he turned it over to a clever artist to paint, the result being that the young man secured what every one, not examining it closely, would have pronounced a cane. The deception was further accentuated by representations of knots on it, which made it look like a natural stick. Of course, the top could be slipped off on occasion. The tube would hold about a quart of liquor, and the young man had it filled at a drug store and succeeded in carrying it to his room without being detected. That night he and a friend, who had an adjoining room, emptied the tin cane of its liquid contents. They made too much noise, and were taken in charge by the night watchman. Afterward the owner of the cane had several orgies in the same manner; but the authorities never could ascertain how he obtained his jags, though, on his return to the asylum from a visit to the city, he was always thoroughly searched. It may be added that, to-day, he is a total abstainer, not even touching new sweet cider, and an esteemed citizen in the community where he resides.

The two following stories, for the truth of which the narrator did not pretend to vouch, were related to me several years ago, and, to my knowledge, have never appeared in print. Both of the stories illustrate the cunning alternatives to which old tipplers of "hardward" will resort when moral obligations to themselves or others prevent them from open indulgence in spirituous potations.

The first story related was of a certain famous American tragedian, now dead, who was wont to have an occasional spree. He and his company came to Boston many years ago to play an important Shakespearean engagement at the old National Theatre. On the morning preceding the opening night Mr. B—, the tragedian, met his manager in the lobby of the theatre, and the latter remarked:

"Mr. B—, you have always been a popular favorite in Boston, and can number among its inhabitants many warm personal friends and admirers. I hope you will not be thrown among any of your old intimates to-day; for, as sure as you do, you will become convivial, and thus insure for your appearance this evening failure and disgrace."

Always anxious to keep his appetite in abeyance, and probably having in mind the remembrance of former humiliations through his excesses, Mr. B— answered: "Well, if you have any misgivings on that point, it might be well for you to lock me up in the greenroom until it is time for the performance."

The manager promptly approved the suggestion, and the tragedian was soon locked in the greenroom. About two hours later the manager came and knocked on the door, and asked the eminent actor if he did not desire some luncheon. Receiving a negative reply, the manager went away. Hour after hour dragged on, and at about four o'clock in the afternoon Mr. B—'s resolution and nerves began to weaken. He paced the floor, struggling against the terrible inward craving. The inevitable moment came. He heard the stage carpenter, now sawing, now hammering, just outside the door, and, with parched throat and feverish eagerness, he cried:

"Peter! Peter!"
"Is that you, Mr. B—?"
"Yes. Peter, you are an old friend of mine, aren't you?"
"Indeed, I am," replied Peter, coming to the door.

"Well, then, do me a favor, if you are," said the voice in the greenroom. "I am locked in here. Go out, Peter, and get a pint of good brandy and a long-stemmed clay pipe. Bring them here, insert the stem of the pipe through the keyhole, and carefully pour the brandy into the bowl of the pipe. I will do the rest myself. Understand?"

Peter grasped the situation in an instant, and obeyed the instructions to the letter. The plan worked admirably, and was carried out without discovery. The result was that when the manager unlocked the greenroom door that evening to announce to Mr. B— that it was time for him to dress for Lear, the great actor was in a state of maudlin irresponsibility, lying prone on the floor. The amazement of that manager may better be imagined than described. There was no performance that night, a notice being placed on the bulletin-board in front of the theatre to the effect that, owing to a severe attack of illness, the tragedian would be unable to appear that evening.

The other story refers to Rufus Choate, the celebrated lawyer, who, while by no means a slave to the drink habit, ap-

preciated a social glass now and then, and, in fact, believed in the intellectual value of stimulants on certain occasions. Mr. Choate once had for a client a man who was strongly opposed to the use of liquor in any form. The condition upon which he engaged the professional services of Mr. Choate to conduct his lawsuit was that the learned advocate should not drink a drop of any intoxicating beverage during the progress of the trial.

"This is a very important case," declared Mr. Meeker, the client, "one that involves a good many thousands to me, and I could not afford to intrust it to a lawyer, no matter how smart he is, who drinks."

Mr. Choate promised not to drink any ardent spirits during the trial, which lasted for several days. On the day he was to "sum up" the case he began to feel a little uncertain as to what verdict the jury would bring in. The evidence was not altogether in favor of his client—in fact, the other side seemed to have a decided advantage in that respect. Mr. Choate made up his mind that if he won the case at all it would be owing to the power of his eloquence before the jury. He felt a great longing for a little stimulant—a good "bracer," as it was called in those days. He knew it would render him far more persuasive to imbibe some liquor than it would to abstain from it. But he had given his word to his client that he would not drink. But his ever-ready mental resources provided a way out of the dilemma. During the recess at noon he sent an officer of the court out for a pint bottle of brandy and a loaf of bread. These the shrewd counselor carried into a private vacant room. Breaking the loaf of bread in two, he poured into each piece as much of the liquor as it would hold and absorb, which practically drained the bottle. Then he nonchalantly ate the brandy-soaked bread and thus secured the stimulating effects he craved quite as easily as he would have done by literally drinking the liquor. The counsel on the other side had finished his argument just before the noon recess. When the court reconvened, Mr. Choate rose and began his address to the jury. Flimsy and weak though his case was, so far as the testimony of witnesses was concerned, Mr. Choate, with matchless sophistries, humorous and pathetic anecdotes and bewitching logic, completely captured the sympathies of every riveted juror. In less than a quarter of an hour after the judge had delivered a brief charge a verdict was rendered in favor of Mr. Choate's client.


"I congratulate you," said Mr. Meeker, a little later, extending his hand to the great lawyer. "You tried my case better than any man in the United States could have done. Didn't I maintain that you could get along twice as well without using that vile, nasty liquor? I am glad to pay you your counsel fees in full. Ah, Mr. Choate, didn't I tell you we should win the case if you did not drink?"

"You did," replied the advocate, dryly. "And I adhered to my promise to you. But we won't discuss now the virtues of members of the bar who are teetotalers." L. M.

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